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THE IMMORTALITY OF J. W. DUNNE *By H. G. Wells*

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"It is the sort of wholly individual book of which one can hardly give an idea by any briefer process than by reading the whole of it aloud. . . ." *(See page 5)*

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The Immortality of Mr. J. W. Dunne

BY H. G. WELLS

YEARS ago when we were young together, though he was the younger, I used to talk to J. W. Dunne about the stability of aeroplanes (he made a very remarkable one) and about a paradoxical story I wrote called "The Time Machine." In the eighties there was much mental play among science students about the fourth (and other) dimensions, and the trick of my story was to declare that every real object had not only three dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness at right angles to each other, but *duration*, and furthermore to ignore a certain difference between the former three and the latter. As for instance that you could turn objects about between these three spatial dimensions, while time carried on remorselessly in one direction and would have no such interchangeability with the others. By a dexterous use of impudence and analogy one could present the Universe, past, present, and future, as a rigid four-dimensional system and, before the reader had time to object, the story-teller had whisked him off on the Time Machine into the remote past or into the days to come.

Wide World

H. G. Wells: "I wrote my fantasy and left it at that. But Dunne brooded on this idea of duration as a dimension of space." . . .

There one chased him about and never gave him a breathing space. One had to be careful not to let him go slantingways into-time-and-up for example, or into-time-and-down, or away from the world and the sun in their orbits, because that might have set him taking notice and asking awkward questions. Such as: would there be two of him to-morrow and three when he came back? And so one got him, a little giddy but quite credulous, into the sombre future of the cooling globe and among degenerate human beings, Eloi and Morlocks and the like. In those days there seemed reason for supposing the world was cooling down at an alarming pace. Reasons have appeared since which throw doubt on that reduction of everything to "heat at a low potential," in a few million years or so, but anyhow it made an entertaining story, and that was all there was to it.

I went on living in space and time with plenty of agreeable days that became memorable yesterdays, and an undying interest in the incalculable behavior of tomorrow. Being no sort of physicist I did not know then of the work in hand that presently flowered in the bright diagrams of Einstein. Because you know these theories of his are essentially diagrams, as he would be the first to admit, they are new and richly suggestive ways of plotting out the structure of our mysterious universe as a universe, but they are no contribution at all to the homely problems of everyday, personal existence, such problems as Shall I meet some one I care for tomorrow? and Will it be fine enough to have breakfast in the garden? I wrote my fantasy and left it at that. But Dunne brooded on this idea of duration as a dimension of space. I think now he has brooded too much upon it.

Quite apart from that he brooded on something else. He began to notice an odd anticipation of coming events in his dreams. He gave that a lot of attention and put his observations on record in a really very exciting book, "An Experiment with Time." He devised a system of recording dreams at the moment of awakening, and he got together some passable evidence of dream premonitions. That set one thinking upon an often disregarded fact, that the "now" is not a mathematical instant but that it lasts a perceptible time. The belief that our conscious lives are a continual flow of infinitesimal moments is incorrect, we live in measurable bits of time, our consciousness is like a movie film and its pictures, the "nows," follow each other with no interval of perception between them so that they produce an illusion of continuity. I remember I had a talk about this to Ray Lankester and he suggested that our brain cells live for an instant as the blood and fresh oxygen pulse to them and then become inactive until the next heart beat reawakens them.

Probably our brains in perfect sleep are continuously inhibited or stir only faintly far below the level of consciousness. Then as we awaken, the cells are stimulated and produce that long, incoherent *now* which our quickening brain contemplates, rationalizes more or less imperfectly, and puts into the hasty order of a dream. Which begins to slip back at once towards forgetfulness as we realize its inconsistencies. The interesting point about these observations of Dunne was that they seemed to indicate that the "nows" between sleeping and waking were not in the normal stream of experience. That idea that the uncontrolled twilight mind might be able to do a little time-traveling ahead, or at least look forward along the time dimension, had just enough plausibility to excite the imagination. It was like finding a threadbare place in a hitherto impenetrable curtain.

Dunne went on collecting observations

Next Week

LETTERS OF MOZART
Edited by EMILY ANDERSON
Reviewed by Marcia Davenport

LATIN AMERICA
By F. A. KIRKPATRICK
Reviewed by Ernest Gruening

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J. B. Priestley: following Dunne, "he produced a book and three plays in rapid succession . . ."

for some time, but unhappily neither he nor anyone else was able to devise any means of enlarging or penetrating this thin place in the curtain, and presently he wandered off from observation and experiment into the speculative world he has made his own. He returned to the "Time Machine" paradox. Then appeared "The Serial Universe," in which, with a certain dismay, I discovered him enthusiastically piling dimension upon dimension and arranging Time A and Time B and so on like a nest of boxes, and my dear old Time Traveler multiplied to a whole succession of Time Travelers, the Dunne "Observers." It was done gravely. It was done with scientific and mathematical gestures calculated to make Jeans and Eddington feel insignificant, and it had such a stimulating effect on my friend J. B. Priestley that, having a highly responsive mind, he produced a book and three plays in rapid succession, taking the most remarkable liberties with our time limitations. (One play at least was first-rate.) I watched this development of Dunne with deepening consternation. Presently I heard he was expounding a philosophy of "Serialism" with a piano accompaniment at a Foyle Bookshop Luncheon; and now here is another book to hand from him on "The New Immortality," in which he adopts the role of something between a cosmic Sherlock Holmes and an Eastern sage, treats philosophers and men of science with a cheerful disdain, and has the most remarkable dialogues between "I" (Dunne) and a sort of Watson or Stooge called "You." They sustain a most harmonious duet and the stooge anticipates and helps out Dunne like an identical twin. The book will, I am quite sure, carry conviction to many, but I doubt if it will be read as much as it is accepted. It claims to be easily "understanded of the people." I doubt if the public is that much Stooge. I find it inconsecutive, incomprehensible, and unreadable. In spite of its air of lucid exposition and its entirely unhelpful diagrams it seems to me no better than the now dreadfully addled egg that was laid originally by way of a lark in "The Time Machine" fifty-odd years ago.

So far as the new immortality is to be "understanded" at all, it seems that, according to Dunne, you live and die and pass out of this scheme of space and time into a higher dimensional life, and then, having no further life to live on this plane, you contemplate it when you choose and—? It isn't clear what else you do. Contemplating your completed life seems about as attractive to me as a bridge post mortem, but for the life of me I cannot grasp what else Dunne promises his Stooge. Apparently you contemplate other lives. This sort of treat is in store for you.

> Since your attention can redivide (i.e., possess several foci), it can concentrate one of these foci upon the point where my attention is focussed. And that, of course, is mind-sharing or, as it is called so absurdly, "telepathy."

And further, when Stooge is tired of being Dunne and Dunne is finished with Stooge:

> In brief, your attention, radiating and dividing from the centre which is you, can travel through the whole range covered by the Super-Mind. What more do you desire?

You are to pass into a vast museum of experiences in fact, with nothing more to do and no refreshment room. Does anyone want this highly improbable immortality? Dunne says that real life without the blessed hope of this Serialist Immortality is "mere scurrying to extinction." But is not that better than this awful fate he reveals to poor Stooge without any exit whatever from that vast collection to scurry to?

Most people, I think, find this world in space and time so full of interesting things that they do not think very much about death and the hereafter. Religious teachers complain of it. What common people like you and me want, when the question of immortality is put to us fairly, is more of the same queer mixture, and to be able to go on doing things—particularly to go on doing things. Life is an encounter, not a spectacle, and immortality for us means just more of this same good common stuff. Only a religious maniac thinks of life as an "ante-chamber to eternal extinction." That is how Dunne puts it and it betrays the quality of his thought. Extinction is an end; it doesn't go on for a moment, there is question-begging mania, in that "eternal." No materialist thinks as badly as that. I wish I could get Dunne to come off that egg now. He has lost all sense of proportion. He says that this Serialism which he imagines peeps and stirs within it, is "sufficient to reduce to complete nonsense every discussion which has ever taken place concerning the question of survival. It is sufficient to convert into so much waste paper the greater part of the world's more serious books."

Well, it isn't. It is merely an entertaining paradox expanded into a humorless obsession.

Two American Writers

TWO American writers, both middle westerners, both distinguished, died in December—Robert Herrick and Zona Gale. Robert Herrick, who closed his career with important services in public affairs in the Virgin Islands, is not so well known to the younger members of the present reading generation as to the older ones. He was an intellectual, a professor at the University of Chicago, a writer of careful prose, of novels that were always good even when not widely publicized. Some of his books, however, fell in both categories. He represented the American intellectual still ill at ease in a Middle West of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries which still seemed crude and often distressing to the sensitive mind. He was a realist when realism was still unfashionable and a satirist when Americans did not like satire.

Zona Gale was also a public servant: a trustee of the University of Wisconsin, an influence in her state. As a novelist she belonged to a later phase. For her the Middle West was a quarry of situations rather than a state of mind open to criticism. Her "Miss Lulu Bett" is an admirable example of the regional novel touched with satire, yet thoroughly sympathetic. At her best she commanded a beautiful prose style, and a rich humor. As she grew older, her interests seemed to carry her beyond fiction and her work became more, rather than less, experimental, which is unusual. She was a playwright as well as a novelist, but seems to have thought of her themes in terms of fiction first. Both of these writers have earned a place in the history of American literature.

H. S. C.

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Merlin and the Wart

THE SWORD IN THE STONE. By T. H. White. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THERE was a small boy who lived in a medieval castle with Sir Ector, who wasn't his proper father, and Sir Ector's son Kay; and everybody called him "The Wart" because it rhymed with Art, which was short for his real name. And when I tell you that he had for a tutor an elderly wizard named Merlin—yes, that is who it was, or who it was to be: King Arthur: and that should give you some idea of this utterly delightful book. It is the sort of wholly individual book of which one can hardly give an idea by any briefer process than reading the whole of it aloud: but it is, for one thing, a book which presents King Arthur as the eternal small boy, growing up to manhood and educated by Merlin, who lives backwards in time and can remember tomorrow. Merlin may serve as the symbol of the way in which the book exists, perfectly comfortably, in half a dozen planes of time at once, which get along together with no more trouble than the fused visions of a dream, or the different and yet related meanings of some fundamental religious symbol. It seems quite natural, for instance, when, for one stage of the Wart's education, Merlin turns him into a falcon, and leaves him to pass the night in the castle mews, he should warn him that he must behave as the junior subaltern of a crack cavalry regiment, and should add, "The falcons don't *know* they're prisoners, of course, any more than the cavalry officers do." If you can imagine that scene written with full appreciation of the value of the military virtues for one stage of a boy's development, and yet with that hinted knowledge of their limitations, you will begin to see what I mean by saying that the book exists on several planes at once; but even then you must read the scene to find that it also seems natural for the goshawk to speak lines which you may recognize as coming from "The Duchess of Malfy."

All this has only made it sound solemn; but no book has a more pervasive humor. Sir Ector and King Pellinore, whose speech comes straight out of the "Morte Darthur" on great occasions, and on ordinary ones; and the usual tone of the modern parallels is that of sheer and uproarious fun. Tastes may differ about whether some of these are not too bold; I myself have doubts about the modern interior of the Siege of Air and Darkness, Morgan the Fay's castle—a chapter, by the way, which does not appear in the English edition, which has instead the beasts of Sir John Mandeville. But then I should hate to give up a touch—which some one else might dislike—in which the delivery of captives from a giant's dungeons takes on, for just a passing half-sentence, the aspect of leaving one's boarding-school.

By this time you are thinking that it is like "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Perhaps; but it does make a difference that "A Connecticut Yankee" was written by a man who hated the Middle Ages, knowing nothing whatever about them; while "The Sword in the Stone" is written by a man who loves them, and knows an astonishing amount about them. He knows how a boar-hunt was conducted, and how a manor was fed; he knows where the skill came in in tilting, a thing I hunted books for years to learn. He knows about falconry and flying an aeroplane—for when the Wart is changed to an owl, he had to learn to manage his wings and tail just as any novice aviator or fledgling bird has to do. Readers of Mr. T. H. White's previous book, "England Have My Bones" (which deserved a much wider public), will remember how deeply he was fascinated by all techniques, from that of aviation to that of old country crafts; and again in this book, in one of its most eloquent passages, Merlin tells the Wart to learn, learn anything, there is happiness. And it would be hard to name a book as funny and as erudite on every page as this one. And still the most important thing about it has not been said, which is simply that you ought to get a copy and keep it; you can read it at any age and find it as old as you are, and you may very likely find that you possess a classic.

"'A Connecticut Yankee' was written by a man who hated the Middle Ages . . . while 'The Sword in the Stone' is written by a man who loves them."

The Princess and the Adventurer

KÖNIGSMARK. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc. 1939. $2.

Reviewed by C. D. ABBOTT

THIS is a historical novel with a genuine flair for the picturesque and the romantic. Mr. Mason, as everybody knows, is a prince of story-tellers. "The Four Feathers" and "At the Villa Rose" are tales that in reprint after reprint go right on keeping children from play and old men from the chimney-corner. The verve and the relish that make them dateless favorites are spectacularly present again in this new tale of seventeenth century Hanover, the petty German duchy that was just beginning to waken from its sleepy obscurity, and was soon to provide England with a long line of monarchs.

The Princess Sophia Dorothea of Celle, who is as high-spirited as she is lovely, is married against her will to the boorish George Louis of Hanover. She refuses to bow to the authority of her father-in-law's corrupt and unprincipled mistress, and her life at court becomes a bitter ordeal, sweetened only by her love for the brilliant Swedish adventurer, Count Philip von Königsmark. Their difficult and tortuous romance is played out to its tragic end against a background of wild court intrigue, which Mr. Mason handles with admirable skill. But it is the characters who give body and spirit to the novel; Sophia and Philip, in particular, are presented with a boldness and sureness that make for striking portraiture, and the minor characters share with them this distinction.

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A Realistic Fantasy

AFTER THE DEATH OF DON JUAN. By Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

IT was a difficult journey that Doña Ana made from Seville to Tenorio Viejo, the birthplace of Don Juan. She and her entourage—a husband, a priest, a duenna, a knavish courier, and two maidservants—bumped in their mourning coaches over three mountain ranges. The roads were terrible; so were the mountain torrents, the dust, the snow, the swineherds. So, too, was Tenorio Viejo when they reached it—a huddle of lime-washed hovels with an ugly castle and a pretentious church . . .

The setting of this fantasy is Spain in the seventh decade of the eighteenth century. Miss Warner is one of the more expressive writers of our time, and I do not think that I am doing her work an injustice when I say that her novel reminds me at times of a Walt Disney landscape, at times of a high-class travel film, and at times of Malraux's "Man's Hope." The fantasy is alive with delightful characters and magic scenes; but it is also firmly rooted in the rock and dust and blood, not of the eighteenth but of the twentieth century. It frequently ceases to be fantasy; it certainly ends as realism.

Don Juan the libertine is generally supposed to have died in a somewhat curious manner. The father of a lady whom he was attempting to seduce surprised him. There was a duel, and the father was killed. Don Juan then had the questionable taste to invite his victim's sepulchral statue to dinner. The statue accepted, kept its appointment, and called upon Don Juan to repent of his sins. The surly libertine refused and thereupon a number of devils arose through the floor and carried him off alive to Hell.

It is from this point that Miss Warner proceeds. Doña Ana is the lady around whom all the trouble started, and she is very worried about the state of Don Juan's soul. He is in Hell, to be sure, and therefore it would not be correct for her to have masses said for his repose. But at least she can inform his family of what has happened. That is why—pausing briefly to get married—she undertakes the journey to Tenorio Viejo.

Now the author of "Lolly Willowes" performs her old enchantments; and the village—the priest, the sacristan, the miller, the schoolmaster, the peasants, and Don Saturno, who is Don Juan's father—comes to life with all the beautiful certainty of the utterly improbable. Just behind the corner, however, just beneath the surface, lurks the probable and the real. The village hates Don Juan, Doña Ana loves and hates him, Don Saturno is ashamed of him. Is he in Hell? And, if so, will he not return as a ghost? Worse still, is he really dead? If he is safely dead, the peasants might get from Don Saturno the irrigation system they so badly need and which, but for Don Juan's costly existence, they might have been given a long time ago. If he is alive—well, he is a tyrant landlord and would like nothing better than to reduce them to serfs. Mean, cruel, cowardly, the libertine interferes with their legendary existence and turns it into hard fact.

It would not be fair to this novel, so full of suspense, to tell what happens, what it is that makes the peasants revolt and besiege the shabby castle with guns, knives, and rocks. As they gather to make their final resistance in the school-house, the mood of the story becomes quite definite and we discover ourselves not in the fantasies of yesterday but in the realities of today. For like Miss Warner's "Summer Will Show," this novel, too, is a serious fantasy—that is to say, a parable. It is not quite so substantial as "Summer Will Show," but it is quite as beautifully contrived. It is in the same line, and may the line long continue.

Voltaire the Humanist

THE SPIRIT OF VOLTAIRE. By Norman L. Torrey. New York: Columbia University Press. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by ANDREW R. MOREHOUSE

"HIS spirit still torments half the world like a fever and a reproach." To reproach us and to convert us Professor Torrey has written a brilliant study of a man whom immediate posterity feverishly disowned and before whom a later posterity, haunted by its indifference and its incomprehension, is moved more and more to bow as before one of its greatest men.

Voltaire at Ferney

No other book since Voltaire's death more than one hundred and fifty years ago has been written with greater insight into the texture of his mind and spirit and into the meaning of his message to the world. It is a performance all the more remarkable when we consider the long line of illustrious biographers whom Professor Torrey has now joined—the line beginning in the eighteenth century with Condorcet, through Morley, Lanson, Crouslé, Tallentyre, Brandes, Brailsford, and ending quite recently with Mr. Alfred Noyes. In Professor Torrey the scholar and the artist are happily blended. With profound insight and with consummate skill at portraiture, he has given us a lifelike picture of the man Voltaire in all the facets of his exceptional personality.

He has collected the choicest fruits of past and contemporary scholarship and added much that is his own, notably new perspectives on the intellectual relationships between Pascal and Voltaire, new information regarding the violent quarrel with Rousseau, and a remarkably fine and original interpretation of the mood that lay behind the oft-quoted conclusion of "Candide."

By far the outstanding contributions of the book are the discussions of Voltaire's humanism and mysticism, strange and quarrelsome bedfellows, which Professor Torrey happily marries off with some show of harmony. We should, however, be inclined to lay greater stress on the noumenal faculty in his career, which, we think, fortified him to fight manfully and at tremendous odds the whole brood of dragons. In Professor Torrey's opinion his mysticism played a minor and unimportant role.

The great role is played by humanism. The humanists in search of a prophet have found one, and have succeeded better, we think, than the Christians. In the ecclesiastical hierarchy of humanism, Professors Auer and Cohen are the theologians, Voltaire the prophet, missionary, and saint, Professor Torrey the militant biographer, and Man the object of adoration and redemption, who shall be saved by rational and empirical knowledge, untainted by metaphysics. This is another way of saying that the book pleads very convincingly from a great deal of evidence the case of Voltaire's essential humanism. Professor Torrey goes further and would have us note that "Humanity may never find its salvation until Voltaire is canonized."

Of this we are utterly convinced, for it must never be forgotten that unless man be loved it is not possible to love God. We would only wish that humanists might occasionally sublimate their intellectual pride sufficiently to perceive, if only for a fleeting moment, the profound truth in these words of St. Paul: "Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?"

Andrew R. Morehouse is assistant professor of French at Yale.

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England and Her "Poor Relation"

GERMANY AND ENGLAND. BACKGROUND OF CONFLICT 1848-1894. By Raymond J. Sontag. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by HAJO HOLBORN

PROFESSOR SONTAG has written a book that will prove delightful both to the general reader and to the specialist. It is admirable for its felicitous literary presentation and full of new historical insights into the Anglo-German antagonism, which has constituted for half a century one of the most serious and baffling sources of international friction. The author has clearly recognized that the tension between the two great Teutonic nations of Europe cannot be adequately understood as a mere problem of diplomatic history, but as a clash between two peoples of different outlook and philosophy. Thus he is not satisfied by telling once more the story of Anglo-German diplomatic relations during the first 25 years after the founding of the new German empire, nor by adding the history of their commercial rivalries, but he tries to illuminate the cleavage in their national philosophies since the days of Cobden and Palmerston on one side of the Channel and Frederick List and the German historians on the other side.

England had reached by the fifties the high peak of empire and wealth which seemed to justify the underlying beliefs in "natural law" to which Englishmen had clung with only slight modifications for two or three generations. The success of their civilization had made them more righteous and domineering in applying their medicine to other countries, and Germany, their "poor relation," had suffered more blustering advice and indignant vituperation than even a worshipful child could easily swallow. In contrast to England, Germany had gone through a spiritual revolution which cut her loose from the tradition of the 18th century, but had not succeeded in attaining liberal government, nor had she established an industrial society as yet. Germany achieved national unity during the subsequent period not by liberal devices, but by bold foreign policy. Russia and not England was the trump-card in Bismarck's play and Germany's industrialization was accomplished if not against, at least independently of, England.

It was natural that these national achievements should lead the Germans to a reëxamination of their views about England. Treitschke's *Anglophobia* took on an ominous sound, and the official relations between the two governments were never on a firm basis of mutual understanding. Professor Sontag has followed these fluctuations of national temper with remarkable skill and interpretative talent. The language of the official and unofficial leaders of fifty years ago is highly interesting now when the public opinions of the two countries again oscillate nervously between profuse utterances of amity and hatred. Many additions could be suggested to a work of this kind, but only one warning should be stated: the year 1894 with which the author concludes his book is not a decisive landmark in the history of Anglo-German relations; the time period of trial was then still to come.

Hajo Holborn is associate professor of history at Yale.

Lawrence Instructs His Biographers

T. E. LAWRENCE TO HIS BIOGRAPHERS. Edited by Liddell Hart and Robert Graves. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1938. 2 *vols.* $20.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THESE two volumes are, in their way, unique. Readers must wait until the publication in the spring of David Garnett's selected letters of Colonel T. E. Lawrence for a complete picture of the man, and may wait with the assurance that a remarkable book is in prospect. In the meantime here are two volumes containing the byproducts of two biographies written of Lawrence while he was still alive. Liddell Hart's was essentially a study of a military genius, Robert Graves's a history of the man's career, with more emphasis on his personality and his intellectual achievements in general. Hence they approached their common subject from different angles; and indeed, as Mr. Graves says in his volume, Lawrence was a different Lawrence to each of his friends.

Boswell hung upon Dr. Johnson's words with a capacious memory and a flow of questions. But Lawrence in his post-war years was hidden in the Tank Corps on the R.A.F. station, or in service in India. His biographers, who were his friends, had to write their books with what aid they could get from correspondence or occasional opportunities to question him. And they needed aid. Not only was his life a series of twists and turns from one interest to another, his active youth obscure because he was obscure then, his later years purposely concealed from public view; but also the glamorous notoriety of his Arabian exploits, assisted by Lowell Thomas's guesswork book, had created a Lawrence legend as full of inaccuracies as an interview in a sensational newspaper.

What each biographer has done in the two books under review is to print his correspondence with Lawrence, in which the man is asked to tell, and does tell, his own story. But in addition to the letters, some of which will, of course, appear in Garnett's edition, both Graves and Hart sent the text of their biographies to Lawrence, who paragraph by paragraph, and sometimes sentence by sentence, supplied his own readings of his exploits, and his corrections of misstatements or errors. The result is a fascinating study of the making of history and biography.

From a drawing by Rothenstein

"Lawrence was a different Lawrence to each of his friends" . . .

Some misconceptions will be dispelled by these volumes. Lawrence was not a homosexual. He was not, in his last years, a fascist. He played, as was natural, with the ideas of a new leadership, if leadership should be required in a national emergency, whether war or peace. But he despised Mussolini, and was too much concerned with ultimate freedom for the individual to have been the tool of any ideology. He was not, thinks Graves, a writer by instinct or profession. But here one doubts his biographer's conclusion, which is that of the professional man of letters, doubting whether the amateur, whose life is not an artist's, can produce real literature. Some of the great books of the world are amateurs' books, written to ease the need for expression, by men who have lived deeply and imagined strongly in deeds and their aftermath, rather than in words. That he was a military genius, though here also regarded as an amateur by the professionals, Lawrence's own comments on the art of guerrilla warfare seem to prove even more effectively than Liddell Hart's text. And what letters the man writes! After reading them, one feels that no one else was so intensely alive in his age.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Karel Capek

KAREL CAPEK'S work has become a part of world literature. When he died, at the age of forty-eight, the press of the cultured world paid especial tribute to his satirical fantasies. In his dramas, "R.U.R." and "The World We Live In" (the "Insect Comedy"), and in his novel, "War with the Newts," he has always the same fundamental theme: the danger of the machine-world for human life and the human soul. With a great satirical power of imagination, he lets us see how the machines and the machine-men push aside the living creature.

To some of us, however, Capek's best work lies in his short stories. In order to appreciate them fully, one must know the man, his people, and his country.

Every nation has its own concept of the "Hero." For example, it is characteristic of both the German people and their literature to be interested in the individual (and to make a "Hero" of him) only when he is facing a great catastrophe. Whether it be a reconstructed historical crisis, or a personal conflict created by the poet's vision, German literature tends to portray a gigantic collision between man and the extraordinary event or idea. The political and cultural history of the Czech people presents as many passionate and courageous struggles as the history of the other European peoples; but with the Czechs, neither the meaning nor the aim of these struggles ever had reference to an abstract system of "grand" ideas or metaphysical dreams. It was rather the *empirical* man and his *empirical* welfare which gave them meaning and direction.

This empirical man is the man as he actually is, not as he could or should be. Simple ordinary man who gets born, lives a few score years, loves, rejoices, has troubles, educates his children, and dies. An absolutely concrete being, as far removed from the superman as he is from the animal. Not that the empirical man is unaware of the sacred longing after "higher values," but that to him they are values which stand in direct and comprehensible relation to his tangible life: in other words, freedom and justice for the individual, sanity and decency in relations between men.

This man is the hero of the Czech people in literature. Admittedly such a hero has little in common with Faust or Prometheus. The true Czech cannot conceive of a philosophic idea as being "greater" than life; he cannot conceive of an idea justifying the sacrifice of a whole generation for its sake, nor of using concrete humans as a "means to an end," as "structural material" for the sake of the idea. The well-known and alas! so Germanic appeal of Frederick the Great to his retreating soldiers: "Boys, do you expect to live forever?" would have drawn from the true Czech the honest admission: "Yes, please, if possible!"

Karel Capek was the literary incarnation of this democratic philosophy. Not even beside his grave would the honest critic have called him the poetic genius of his age, or ranked him with the great immortals. No, Capek belongs as little among the creative masters of the arts as Masaryk does with the founders of religions. Both were no more than workers in the wearisome task of building a human society; but they were honest workers who took their work with incorruptible devotion.

Perhaps the world has a wrong notion of Karel Capek, since it knows him for the most part by his satiric utopian dramas and novels, such as the "Robots," the insect-drama, "War with the Newts," "Krakatit," and others, all based upon fantastic and exotic inventions. The real Capek is probably known to the world best through his "Conversations with T. G. Masaryk." In this book, inspired to perfection by Masaryk's unique personality, are concentrated all of Capek's talents, his precision of formulation, simplicity of expression, understanding of the finest psychological nuances, and absolute respect for genuine values and emotions. This is his best book, for its theme comes closest to his heart. The mature charm of this masterly volume is also to be found in some of his other and less known works, in his short stories, his travel-books in England and Scandinavia, in his book on his garden and his dog Dashenka, and also in many of his newspaper articles.

Whenever Capek thought himself to be writing for posterity, he was merely a great talent; when he wrote for his daily task, however, for his Czech contemporaries, he succeeded in achieving greatness. In all this there is no paradox. It is the elementary law of all artistic production that only when the artist is true to his inner self and to his personal mission, does he bring home the good harvest. And Capek's personal mission was to educate the Czech people to the living understanding of the foundations of democracy.

Capek regarded this as a subordinate feature of his general literary work, but he performed it with a devotion and industry characteristic of the man. Though he had fame and considerable money, he continued his daily work in the editorial office of the *Prager Lidove Noviny,* a newspaper which remained closest to the Masaryk tradition. He devoted mornings and early noon hours to his novels and dramas, and to his garden which he cultivated with the care of a professional; later in the afternoon he went to the editorial offices, where anyone in need of help or advice could have access to him. On Friday evenings, the leading Czech intellectuals gathered in Capek's modest house, and for many years President Masaryk was one of this company. In the course of the last decade, not a single democratic policy or line of action was undertaken without Capek's collaboration.

When Dr. Benes in 1937 and early in 1938 prepared the laws which were meant to conciliate the Sudeten Germans, Capek participated in their formulation. These laws were wrecked by those Czech extremists hostile to Germany, who since, as Hitler's handymen, would have been glad to see both Benes and Capek in a German concentration camp.

When the present writer was bidding good-bye to Capek in Prague five months ago, he spoke of a plan of action to be undertaken jointly by the army and the country's writers: namely, another attempt to reconcile the Sudeten Germans with the Czech democracy. At the time, Capek considered war with Germany a probability, and he was not frightened by it. He feared only that Germany might have pretexts for the war which would tell morally against Czechoslovakia. Under stress of this anxiety, he was spurred to intensified activity on the plans for conciliation. To the last day of his life he remained true to Masaryk's teaching that the spirit was to be within and not outside of politics, and that the leaders of the nation must feel responsible for both state and society.

What followed Munich was the breakdown of the Czechoslovak state and the moral collapse of the Czechoslovak intellectuals who had been trained to look at the world from Masaryk's viewpoint. When Capek no longer could doubt that an alliance of violence and treachery was stronger than the truth, his life lost all meaning. Any stupid and insignificant illness was enough to extinguish his will to live. He was only forty-eight years old. Had he been fated to live as long as his beloved teacher, he would no doubt have witnessed the light of a saner humanity outlasting the inhuman darkness of our times.

WILLI SCHLAMM.

(Mr. Schlamm was formerly editor-in-chief of the Weltbühne, *a leading literary and liberal weekly until Hitler's accession. He succeeded the Nobel Prize winner, Carl von Ossietsky, in that post.)*

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Letters to the Editor: *A Librarian on Mark Twain*

How Important Is Mark Twain?

SIR:—The forthcoming additions to the Mark Twain writings no doubt deserve a welcome. But the ballyhoo raises the question, "How Important Is Mark Twain?"

"Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn" will always be read; but his other books are becoming suspect. The limitations and faults in the man are showing through the varnish. The Christian Science volume is a good "rag," the "Joan of Arc" and "Harriet Shelley" things so biased as to be worth no more than a shrug; his humorous books are worn on the edge. Increasingly we note that he was infernally long winded and wrote with an eye to the audience that bought his stuff. Never was a man so given to jeering at foreign stupidities; never one so silent on our own idiocies. His sense of humor is related to slapstick comedy and almost always involves a victim who is laughed at by the crowd. Primitive? Sadistic?

About his religious beliefs he was as cautious as with matters of patriotism. "The Mysterious Stranger" (agnosticism) he decided should not be published till he was dead. Were not the bulk of his audience Bible Christians? And his publishers in the end gave it the format of a fairy tale.

Outside of Tom and Huck I am inclined to give first place to "Following the Equator." There is fine indignation in that—but it is indignation at the omissions and acts of foreign countries—not America.

And after this, I am taking one of his books home for Sunday reading.

O. R. HOWARD THOMSON,
Librarian.
The James V. Brown Library
Williamsport, Pa.

Hegemony

SIR:—Anent Quercus's recent statement that Lowell Thomas mispronounced *hegemony,* may I inquire whether he is pulling the collective legs of his many admirers?

What I ask is, Is there a way to mispronounce the word?

It is hard to find my way through the phonetic notations of the dictionaries which I own (all, that is, except the Century), but from them I make out the following. I employ my own notation.

First, the Century allows only one:
hee jee mony.
Next, the Oxford allows six:
hidge *jee* mony,
hedge jimerny,
hee jimerny
with the addition of the same three with hard g.
The new Webster allows six:
hee *jem* ony
hedge e *mo* ny,
hee je mony,
with the addition of the same three with hard g.

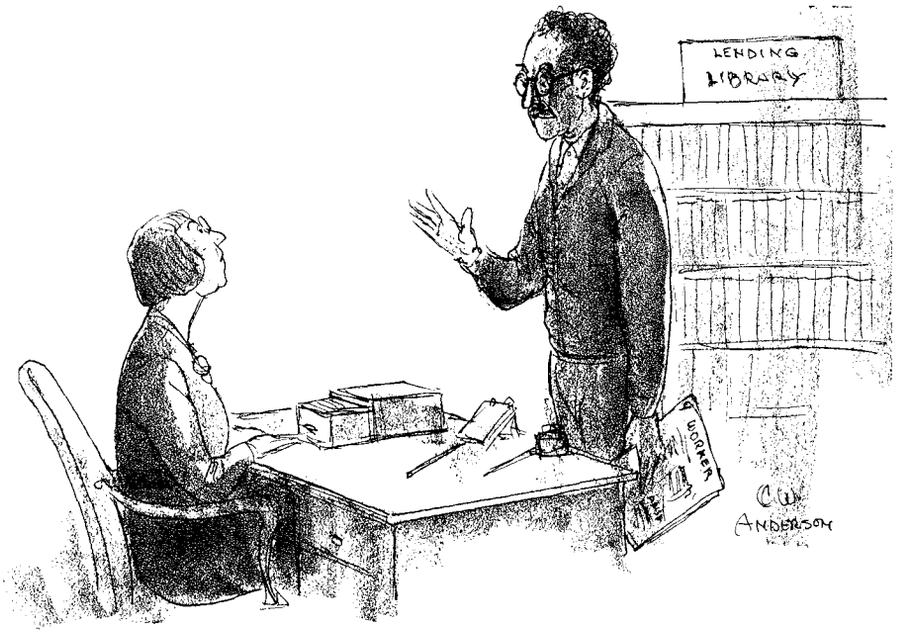
(I no longer own the Funk and Wagnalls, having given it away when a daughter needed it.)

But here are thirteen allowed pronunciations. And can one, apart from slovenly dialectic use of the vowels, or a variation of the final y, which seems to be always short, possibly fail to find authority for any pronunciation of the word?

How, then, did Lowell Thomas pronounce it?

ALLEN FRENCH.
Cambridge, Mass.

Lowell Thomas said "hedge *e mo ny.*"—*P. E. G. Q.*



"I want a murder mystery—but no butlers."

Catalonian Writers

SIR:—I have had a letter from my friend, María Manent, a poet and scholar of Barcelona, who has translated much American poetry into Catalonian, asking me to form a committee with Mr. Archibald MacLeish, to endeavor to meet the desperate needs of a number of Catalonian writers who this year are faced with actual shortage of food. It is food, not money, for which he asks.

I have met many of these writers and have the highest respect for them as I have for María Manent, and I wish, in my own name and that of Mr. MacLeish, to ask American writers to help in this urgent emergency. It is to writers that María Manent specifically appeals.

Will any writer, reading this letter and wishing to help, write me, engaging himself or herself to contribute a sum of from one dollar to ten dollars a month for six months, with the possibility of optional renewal, the funds thus contributed being used to send food, by means which have already been provided, direct to Catalonian writers in Barcelona and that region of Spain who are in need. The money thus raised will be used either without deduction for expenses, to purchase food abroad or, if it seems better, to purchase and send food from here with a very small deduction for the overhead expenses of a committee already engaged in sending food to the children of Spain.

Please write to me care of *The Saturday Review,* 25 West 45th Street, enclosing a first-month check, or to Mr. Archibald MacLeish, Curator of The Nieman Foundation, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

HENRY S. CANBY.
New York City.

September Gales

SIR:—As further evidence on the dates of "September Gales," discussed in President Parsons's letter in your issue of December 3, there is a tablet on the historic Old Market House in Market Square, Providence, R. I., which states that

In the Great Gale
September 23, 1815
The wind driven waters around
the walls of this building
Rose to the level of
this line

11 ft. 9¼ in. above mean high water

In the gale of 1938 the water rose to 13 ft. 9 in. above mean level, or 1 ft. 11¾ in. above the old mark. This is testified by a new temporary tablet.

Now how about the gale of 1635?

ALLAN WESTCOTT.
Annapolis, Md.

Translation

SIR:—I am at present engaged in compiling material and data on that stepchild among the literary arts—translation—and should like to hear, in detail, from other professional translators, irrespective of what languages they translate from or into.

BERNARD GUILBERT GUERNEY.
Room 1105, 545 Fifth Ave.
New York City.

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Six American Poets

VALHALLA AND OTHER POEMS. By Robert Francis. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.

TESTAMENT OF LOVE. By Audrey Wurdemann. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $2.

THE GARDEN OF DISORDER. By Charles Henri Ford. Norfolk: New Directions. 1938. $2.

COLLECTED POEMS 1918-1938. By Genevieve Taggard. New York: Harper & Bros. 1938. $2.50.

A GLAD DAY. By Kay Boyle. Norfolk: New Directions. 1938. $2.

THE FIVE-FOLD MESH. By Ben Belitt. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1938. $2.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

THESE books are so different in intention and in technique that a comparative estimate of them is difficult. The reader can only decide what in each instance was the poet's purpose, and with what success his work realizes that purpose.

Mr. Robert Francis's "Valhalla" is a New England book about New England for New Englanders. Self-conscious regionalism: New England raises its carefully New English head. New England is becoming a neurosis: "this understated land," as Mr. Francis describes it. Connecticut seems to have escaped; but in any meadow north of Agawam you will find a sere & taciturn Yankee standing in a homespun trance before a bunchberry-bush, and by the time you get to Maine you will be breathing a purely local sere & taciturn air by special arrangement with Tristram Coffin. "Valhalla," however, is Vermont. Valhalla is also a house (farm house, of course) where things happen reticently in limp blank verse: reticently, humorlessly (although with a great deal of New England's celebrated Dry Wit), and almost interminably. It is, I suppose, a novel in verse; it is hard going, certainly. The lines drone colorlessly (the N. E. Drone) for the most part. Relief is managed by occasional arch fun—*e.g.*, a very moving apostrophe to a cow named Audhumbla—and, perhaps unconsciously, by lines of pure Pistolese: "A pale and mutilated octopus," for example. The poem is like something that Robert Frost discarded: the familiar apparatus is all there, without a trace of Frost's animating spirit.

Miss Audrey Wurdemann's "Testament of Love" is a sonnet sequence expanding the theme *I love you*. The verses are skillful, conventional in form, brightened with a very pretty wit. If one isn't upset by the mild, insistent shrillness that seems to be peculiar to lady poets in love, the book is pleasant reading. There is no depth in it; but neither is there a single whortleberry-bush or misused octopus.

William Carlos Williams contributes an enthusiastic introduction to "The Garden of Disorder," in the course of which he damns the sonnet form as "definitely fascistic." I am not sure what this means; I have always considered the sonnet form as being definitely Presbyterian, myself; but if Dr. Williams is right, fascism seems to suit Mr. Ford better than any other system. His sonnets are the best of his book. The longer poems sprawl, the short poems dither. There is evidence of great technical skill—a good instance is the excellently managed rhythmic clash of the final couplet of the sonnet to Marlowe—; but the rush of language, the tumbling dream-like images, and the pervading tone of Beauty-at-any-cost defeat the technic. If Mr. Ford has no other purpose than the exploitation of a dream-rhetoric in terms of Montparnasse 1929, it must be confessed that he succeeds; but there is a troubling suggestion that he has something more valuable to communicate. If

M-m-m-m-m

BY DAVID McCORD

"These thousand sonnets are part of a larger work begun some years ago, still in progress, and which may never be completed. At present the unfinished work comprises some 50,000 *sonnets, most of which (the reader may be assured) will never be published."—From a statement by Merrill Moore, Boston Psychiatrist and Poet, at the beginning of "M," a book of one thousand autobiographical sonnets recently published by Harcourt, Brace.*

He had a collection of them, all sizes and shapes,
Decorated all ways, never two the same—
Some had fabulous titles and many of them were
Totally nameless, completely without a name . . .
And sometimes tired in the spring or in the fall,
He did absolutely nothing and never made anything at all.
—"Part of Him Was Artist, Part Was Artisan" (Sonnet Number 429*).*

Part of Him Was Artist, Part Was Artesian

HE lisped in numbers. Did the numbers come?
Does a whale eat minnows? Is a freight train long?
I've read my Milton, and of Spenser some,
But here's the man with supergift of song.
Keats mocked his medicine, and Dr. Holmes
Kept office hours just to vie with verse;
And even walking, they turned out their tomes,
But Dr. Merrill Moore is not so terse.
He's written 50,000 sonnets.
Boy!

Six sonnets every day for twenty years!
(It's more than that: Don't let me kill your joy
In figures.) Now then, lads, five hundred cheers
That M and not MD is all he printed.
He might have stunted, but I'm glad he stinted.

Muscae Volitantes: Spots Before the Eyes (Respotted)

Perhaps you'd like to read one? This is how
It
goes in the doctor's duplex psonnet-psyche.
It rimes most-times—Yes, here's one coming now:
Did you ever try to pedal a six-day byche?
"Rather thin, voracious, and suspicious,
The eels lived in the bottom of the pond" . . .
Fried in a sonnet of bread crumbs, they're delicious;
Or take the codicil: what is beyond Beyond?
The bigger they come, the harder they something . . . Say, Doc,
Did you or *I* get into that bottle of Médoc?
Give us a hand here, now, with this comma
—thanks.

— — — — — — — — — — — — —

That there? O that's some telepathic blanks.
M is for Mammy! N is for endurance.
Myself, I'm taking
out some more assurance.

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so, it is lost in a great deal of shouting.

Of Miss Taggard's "Collected Poems" there is little that can be said in a brief note: her work is thoroughly familiar to anyone who reads contemporary poetry at all, and criticism of it demands a detailed article. One is grateful for the freshness of the poems, for their assured movement, for their complete honesty—an honesty that gives a kind of validity even to such downright bad composition as "To an American Workman Dying of Starvation." Miss Taggard can bruise the reader's mind with diction exactly as awkward as Mr. Francis's unhappy octopus; but she means it, and her intensity usually hits it off. Nevertheless, the best poems in the collection are those which are least touched by this deliberate colloquialism: such lyrics as "Folk Song with Chorus"; monodies (and this is the real New England!) like "American Farm, 1934" and the very fine "Silence in Mallorca."

Kay Boyle's "A Glad Day" is as perverse as Miss Taggard's book is forthright, but it is no less moving. Technically, it is a brilliant performance—so brilliant, sometimes, that it defeats its own purpose by dazzling the reader beyond patience. And many of the pieces, especially the earlier ones, are so consciously strange in the best dada tradition that reading them becomes a kind of game. But when Miss Boyle's superb feeling for language and gift of metaphor are concentrated upon such a theme as the Scottsboro outrage, for instance, the result is memorable poetry. All kinds of media are employed: folksong, argot, what used to be called "polyphonic prose," the running gloss, surréaliste disintegration and recombination of images; and from it all an exciting and valuable poetry emerges.

Finally, "The Five-Fold Mesh." The unfortunate title is a disservice to an important book. What Mr. Belitt has to say is almost painfully concentrated: his packed quatrains, so deceptively slight on first reading, demand and repay careful study. Not that this is trick writing, by any means: the statement is as direct as it is vigorous. The quality of the verse is dry, but it is not the sterile dryness of the professional New Englanders. It is alert, incisive, often harsh, always passionate. The compression sometimes makes riddle-poems where riddle-poems are not wanted: for instance, the Jacob-Rachel-Laban-Leah symbolism of "The Fountainhead" is too heavy both for the conventional slight emotion and for the eight short lines; after so much labor of the brain, the issuing mouse seems very tiny indeed. But the same method applied to the two quatrains of "Colophon" makes a poem that is constantly revealing new surfaces, deeper meanings—ambiguity at its most effective. And the expansion of this method, in the long "Many Cradles," reveals a poet who has much to communicate and a beautifully fashioned instrument of communication.

New York, New and Old

NEW YORK'S MAKING. By Mary de Peyster Rutgers McCrea Conger (Vanamee). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1938. $1.75.

WOODCUTS OF NEW YORK. By Hans Alexander Mueller. New York: J. J. Augustin. 1938. $1.50.

THE NEW YORKERS. By Smith Hart. New York: Sheridan House. 1938. $2.

BACK WHERE I CAME FROM. By A. J. Liebling. New York: Sheridan House. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HULBERT FOOTNER

HERE are four books on New York written from widely contrasting points of view. The contrasts illustrate the richness of the theme no less than the contents of the books; first a lady of ancient New York lineage who now lives in England; then a German artist just landed; an angry American sociologist; and finally a native New Yorker with imagination.

Mrs. Vanamee's little book falls into two parts; her own recollections of a childhood in the nineties, and half a dozen vignettes from the lives of her forebears back to the days of the Dutch. Hers was a well-to-do childhood in a brownstone front on Twentieth Street. A rich child of course is entitled to fond recollections just the same as a poor one, but they cannot be so ingratiating. Servants, carriages and pairs, two country homes, exquisite family heirlooms, etc., may cut some readers off a little from the narrator. Nevertheless, Mrs. Vanamee in her own way draws a picture of old New York.

Herr Mueller presents us with thirty-one small wood-cuts of the city together with a brief introduction. One is immediately struck with the pregnancy of his text; how much of the essential New York he has contrived to convey in six pages—and how much of himself! He has the seeing eye; he is a modest man and wise. At a first glance his pictures do not seem to portray the town we know; but after a little study we begin to recognize ourselves. The sensitive eye is operative here also; it is only the medium that is foreign. A delightful little book.

Pictures on this page from "Woodcuts of New York," by Hans Alexander Mueller.

In "The New Yorkers," Mr. Smith Hart undertakes to tell the history of the city in terms of the have-nots. It was an original idea to insist on the seamy side of our triumphant progress, and salutary. It is an ugly story of greed and oppression, and one grows angry along with the generous author as one reads. The book includes the fairest and most complete story of the horrible draft riots of 1863 that I have read. The author's purpose is to arouse us on behalf of the underdogs. To a certain extent he defeats it himself, in showing that however much room there is still for improvement, things are a lot better than they used to be—but all honor to him.

The title of the last book is the author's pleasant whimsy. "Back Where I Came From" is New York, too. To one reader this book afforded the purest pleasure from cover to cover. Mr. Liebling is on the staff of *The New Yorker*. Apparently his job is to mooch around town registering the queer, cockeyed nonconformities that keep it human in spite of Grover Whalen. Every lover of the town must envy him his job. Liebling is the man for it because he adds to the seeing eye and (what is rarer) the hearing ear, a quality of imagination that causes all his apparently vagrant sketches to fuse into a book. This book deserves more space than I can give it here. It must be read by all who have any feeling for the town—or for people anywhere.

Hulbert Footner is the author of "New York: City of Cities."

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The Golden Age of English Detection

BY

JOHN STRACHEY

C. Day Lewis: "I am not at all sure that he does not write even better when he is, presumably, pot-boiling as 'Nicholas Blake' . . ."

TO the common reader, contemporary British fiction appears to be, like Caesar's Gaul, divided into three parts. I am sure that qualified literary critics would regard this classification as crude in the extreme, but it may be of some interest to state how the thing looks to one who is by profession a humble political propagandist, and so comes to the field of imaginative letters as the merest member of the general public.

Three sorts of novels are being written in England today. First, there are the best sellers; second, there are the highbrow intellectual novels; and third, there are the detective stories. Naturally, there are dozens of nondescript novels being written (and, unfortunately, being published too) which fit into none of these categories. But perhaps we can leave them to their nondescription.

It would be well worth while, I should think, for some competent critic to devote his attention to the first category. The contemporary English best seller, by which I mean such books as Dr. Cronin's or Miss Du Maurier's, are by no means negligible. I am quite incompetent to write of them myself. I have read only a few of them, but those which I read all seemed to me to have something to them. The last one I read was Dr. Cronin's book about the medical profession, "The Citadel," which I see has just been filmed, and, very well filmed too. Nobody could miss the defects of the book, but it would be a mistake to dismiss it on that account. Cronin's book, and I fancy, all the other books in this best seller class, have something which I believe is technically called "narrative power." And this power can exist in them in spite of crudities, banalities, and occasional psychological obtuseness. Such books as these "get by" simply by brute force; there is quite a lot to be said for them. However, I have not the least intention of trying to say it. For I daresay that all unknown to me, some literary critic has already made a painstaking and exhaustive study of them.

Of the second category of considerable English novels, there seems to me to be less to say. A really formidable number of highly competent, highly cultivated, highbrow novels flow from the English presses today. Many of them have considerable psychological insight. They are, to a certain point at any rate, true pictures of the kind of people whom they describe—and there seems to be not the slightest reason why they should have been written. These books seem to me far less defensible, for all their greatly superior sophistication, than the less pretentious best-sellers of the first category.

I know of only one English author in this field whose work seems to me justified. (In this field a work, to be justified, must have something approaching genius.) Miss Elizabeth Bowen is in many respects a typical English highbrow novelist; but her work, at its best, rises right out of this category and becomes something of profound and tragic importance. I do not know whether American readers can ever quite understand how such books as Miss Bowen's "Friends and Relations," or her most recent novel "The Death of the Heart," strike us in England today. These are the classical descriptions of the banality and despair of the English middle class. Her last book in particular, which I happened to read coming over here on the boat, consists largely of a detailed description of life in an upper middle class household in London, and in a lower middle class household by the seaside. Both descriptions are simple, unpretentious, photographic, yet they convey the despair of a lost world more poignantly than any rhetoric. Miss Bowen is the representative chronicler of the English middle class of the 1930's; she makes a Dostoievsky novel seem like a success story, and a Chekhov play like a pep talk. However, she is a lonely figure, exhibiting by her very stature the poverty of the field of highbrow fiction in which she works.

There is but one other considerable group of English novelists. (For there exists, hitherto, at any rate, only the beginning of a school of writers who possess literary distinction and yet write straight narratives, as against psychological analysis. It may well be that it is in this beginning that hope for the future of the English novel lies. There are some young novelists—Mr. Arthur Calder-Marshall, Mr. Rex Warner, Mr. Day Lewis, Mr. Norman Collins, for instance—most, but not all, of whom have a pronounced sociological slant—whom the critics are all watching with the liveliest expectations. Somehow, however, for mere members of the general public like myself, this tendency towards a new school of writers of straight narrative fiction of literary distinction remains a matter of promise rather than of performance.)

The remaining branch of English fiction, which it is worth saying a word or two about, is the third category, that of the detective novel. And here, as a steady student, I feel a little more qualified to speak. In this queer little bypath of letters, and here almost alone, there are in England the characteristic signs of vigor and achievement. This is, perhaps, the Golden Age of the English detective story writers. Here suddenly we come to a field of literature—if you can call it that—which is genuinely flourishing.

Here are a dozen or so authors at work, turning out books which you find that your friends have read and are eager to discuss. Here are books which the au-

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thors evidently enjoyed writing and the readers unaffectedly enjoy reading. I have myself little doubt that some of these detective novels are far better jobs, on any account, than are nine tenths of the more pretentious and ambitious highbrow novels.

It is characteristic of the situation that a whole list of names comes into one's mind the minute one begins to think of detective writers. There are, for example, what we may call the "old masters." There are Sayers, Christie, and Freeman Wills Crofts; and brooding now almost silently above them, there hovers the father of the contemporary detective novel, Mr. A. C. Bentley of that still unsurpassed classic, "Trent's Last Case."

It would be interesting for the specialist to study each of these writers. There is Freeman Wills Crofts, the engineer turned author, with his bleak attention to the mechanics of the detective story; his ostentatious refusal to have anything to do with literary frivols. There is Agatha Christie, the most prolific and efficient professional of them all, turning out innumerable highly competent, if sometimes irritating books, with an occasional classic, such as "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," with its stunning twist at the end, which even now, so many years after its publication, it would be an indiscretion to give away.

At the other extreme from the austerity of Mr. Crofts lies Miss Sayers, who has now almost ceased to be a first rate detective story writer and has become an exceedingly snobbish popular novelist. She was, at her best, a real master of the detective story. Miss Sayers was able to make her Lord Peter stories, such as "Murder Must Advertise" or "The Nine Tailors," glow with a vitality which, in spite of their absurdities, justified her vast success. I leave it to the professional critics—and this is really the question which the whole of this article is directed to asking—to explain to us, why these, in many ways, ludicrous books should have had a verve and vitality so superior to the run of sound, earnest, highbrow legitimate fiction, that their enormously greater sales showed nothing but the good sense of the reading public.

Agatha Christie: "the most prolific and efficient professional of them all . . ."

It is, however, in the work of what I may call the "young masters," the work of, for example, Marjorie Allingham, Michael Innes, and Nicholas Blake, that the most interesting and curious developments of the detective story are taking place.

Marjorie Allingham is a more sophisticated Dorothy Sayers. She, too, has a preposterous young aristocrat as her detective-hero. But her love (though I would not question its sincerity for a moment) for her paramour of the imagination is more controlled, less wild, less ecstatic than that of Miss Sayers for her Lord Peter. I can express the difference, perhaps, by saying that whereas Dorothy Sayers has endowed her hero with a title and monocle, Marjorie Allingham makes hers merely the nephew of a duke, and gives him horn-rimmed spectacles. Marjorie Allingham's last book, "The Fashion in Shrouds," was not to my mind her best as a detective story; yet it contains really good social observation of a certain set which exists within the English plutocracy.

At the risk of offending the social sensibilities of both authors, it may be observed, however, that they do their best work by far when they are describing neither the aristocracy nor the criminal classes, about which they have to use their imaginations, but their own world of the professions and smaller businesses. Miss Allingham's best book, as a book—it is not perhaps a particularly ingenious bit of detection—is, for instance, "Flowers for the Judge." For here she is describing the world of publishing houses, the legal profession, writers, doctors, and the like; the world which she (and I) really know. It is this, too, which gives Miss Sayers's "Murder Must Advertise" (incidentally, is not this the best title ever given to a detective story?) a force, shrewdness, and reality unequaled by any other of her books. For "Murder Must Advertise" is laid almost entirely within the office of a big advertising agency. Miss Sayers had, I believe, worked in such an agency; accordingly she is able to reproduce for us the intrigues, the inner struggles, the whole seething life of one of these big offices.

It is in the hands, however, of two young intellectuals, Mr. Michael Innes and Mr. Nicholas Blake, that the English detective story seems likely to reach its limits of sophistication. Mr. Michael Innes's first book, "Hamlet, Revenge!," though full of technical flaws as a detective story, seems to me to be a work which any young writer, in whatever

Marjorie Allingham: "A more sophisticated Dorothy Sayers . . ."

field, could regard with most justifiable pride. The story takes place entirely within an amateur production of "Hamlet" and the murder in the story is a part of the murder in the play. Michael Innes who is, I take it, himself a university lecturer, does not hesitate to interpose many passages of straight Shakespearean criticism with his detection.

Finally, Nicholas Blake, who is "in private life" Mr. Day Lewis, the radical novelist and poet, has produced in his last detective story, "The Beast Must Die," an admirable novel. Its author, whether as Day Lewis, or as Nicholas Blake, could not write badly if he tried, but at the risk of saying something very irritating, I am not at all sure that he does not write even better when he is, presumably, pot-boiling as Nicholas Blake, than when he is "giving himself to literature" as Day Lewis.

Why is it then that so many of those few English writers who, whatever their faults, are prolific, who have got the inestimable gift of gusto, find themselves rushing down this narrow byway of letters, the detective story; this byway which, from a writer's point of view, is surely a cul-de-sac? I have my own suspicions as to the sociological reasons which have caused this strange literary phenomenon. From a technical, literary standpoint, however, is there, perhaps, something in the idea that these authors write good books just because they have chosen a form which is rigid and limited? Just as Wordsworth found it a pleasure to be bound within the sonnet's narrow plot of ground, so the detective story writer, just because his book has got to have a practical function—because he has got to get an elaborate and complex story told; has got to get somewhere, as it were—finds it much easier to write and construct well, than does the unfortu-

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nate serious author who has no need or reason to hold to the scaffolding of any definite plot. Is it not just because, for instance, Mr. Michael Innes is weaving a most elaborate net of deduction that he is able to strike off a passage of first-rate Shakespearean criticism? Would not such criticism be somehow quite unacceptable if it were embodied in a grey, portentous essay on Hamlet? Is it not alive and excellent just because it is merely an ornament woven into the work-a-day structure of a detective novel? Is not this the reason why the contemporary detective novel, in spite of the extreme degree of unrealism involved, in spite of its inevitably heavy "stylization," somehow manages to survive amidst the general decay of English imaginative letters?

Needless to say, however, such a survival serves merely to emphasize a hundredfold the extent and devastating character of this decay. To say that the detective story is the only vigorous, thriving branch of English fiction, is the most bitter criticism of English fiction which one can make. It means that they, the English writers, and we the English readers, cannot bear anything but the most complete form of "escape literature" which can possibly be imagined. Drink, the nineteenth century aphorism had it, was the quickest way out of Manchester. For many of us the detective story is the quickest way out of contemporary England as a whole.

And yet what a subtle and paradoxical business this escapism is! As I have just been saying, our detective story writers fail us as guides out of reality when they themselves become too unrealistic. When Miss Sayers and Miss Allingham describe worlds of which they know little, we find it difficult to follow them; it is precisely when they write, in one sense accurately and realistically, but yet, of course, with the profoundly unrealistic twist which the basic hypothesis of any detective story must give, that we can lose ourselves in their stories. Admittedly, then, the detective story is the opium of the contemporary British reading public. But what is the matter with opium? Is it not an indispensable drug, which it is mere folly to be without in such a century as this? As Mr. Hemingway long ago remarked in one of the very greatest of his stories ("Nun, Gambler and Radio"), almost everything, from religion to food, can serve as the opium of the people. Are not we in Britain to be congratulated that we have manufactured this rather mild, rather innocent, this typically British, form of opium, for use against the fate which has overtaken us?

Incidentally, detective stories have always been, for some reason, the particular opium of statesmen, politicians, and of the politically minded in general. The late Lord Balfour is said to have read at least one a night. And now I see it reported in the press that President Roosevelt is an addict. I do not know whether Mr. Chamberlain reads them. Perhaps he never feels any need of escape from the world of which he is so largely the architect; for he sees nothing the matter with such a world.

In America an attempt has been made, I believe, to write "socially conscious" detective stories; stories in which the detective-hero is a brilliant young radical strike leader, who unmasks the machinations of scabs, labor-spies, stooges, and the like. I have never read any of these stories but I don't like the sound of them at all. In this field, at any rate, I am a strict "art for art's sake" man. I should bitterly resent the intrusion of the real world into the fantasy world of detective fiction. That fantasy world is itself, it is true, bloody, barbarous, sadistic, and cruel. If it were not, if it did not give us substitute terrors for our real terrors, we should find no satisfaction in it. But the terrors of the detective story world are strictly controlled; they are small, manageable events, such as the murder of an individual; and above all, they are invariably overcome; the murderer is always caught; the law is shown to be as strong as it is good. Nothing, surely, must be done to break this basic pattern of reassurance, upon which a great part of the hold of the modern detective story is based?

It will be very interesting to watch the future development of the English detective novel. I have a foreboding that sooner or later its possibilities will be found to have been exhausted. Is it not to be feared that many other writers in this field will go the way of Miss Sayers into "legitimate" fiction? Let us hope, however, that the young masters, Mr. Michael Innes, Mr. Day Lewis, and many others who may yet appear, will in the meanwhile give us many masterpieces of distraction and escape.

John Strachey, son of St. Loe Strachey, is the author of "The Coming Struggle for Power," "Hope for America," and other books.

Celtic Romance

SONS OF THE SWORDMAKER. By Maurice Walsh. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

ONE more in the great line of Celtic romances, whose tradition reaches back through "The Crock of Gold" and "The Fates of the Princes of Dyved" to the Arthurian cycle and the legends of Cuchulain. The publishers rather ineptly call this example an "Irish saga"; which is a truthful description only if the adjective be understood completely to alter the meaning of the noun. The saga is an iron-bound Scandinavian invention, a history whose details are selected to produce an artistic effect. The Irish saga is fiction based on history, in which time and place furnish no bounds and the material circumstances are what the teller chooses to give. It is permissible and indeed desirable for him to do what Maurice Walsh has done: describe places and people with great pageantry of rhetoric; unify an old, wandering tale by the introduction of characters and events hitherto unknown to it. The only requirement is that they may not alter the main theme of a story which deals, in the manner of traditional literature, with the unavoidability of fate.

In this respect "Sons of the Swordmaker" is a magnificent success. By placing the one-handed son of a swordmaker in the central legend, a hitherto insignificant appendage of the great story of Cuchulain has been focussed into full and splendid life and considerable importance. The narrative is rapid and brilliant; never scratches its keel on those shoals of cliché and bathos which wreck so many ships of romance; drives along under a sense of gathering tragic dooms to an end unforeseeable but inevitable. The characterization amply supports the weight of the story; if a man is described as of acid tongue he forthwith makes a bitter epigram, if described as wise, does a wise thing.

In other words, there is no fault at all to be found with that part of the story which constitutes the "Irish saga"; but among the teller's interpolations the cloven hoof comes into view. It seems to have occurred to Mr. Walsh that the one-handedness of Flann, about whom the main story revolves, needs explaining; and further that the explanation he conceived was itself a narrative of some merit. In this he is perfectly correct, for the tale of the five sons of the swordmaker and the blade that always comes home is a very good one indeed. But only one of the sons is needed in the story proper, and the extra characters left on the author's hands are disposed by shunting them off into happily-ever-after domesticity, rather a disagreeable shock when he has been talking about high and glorious destinies.

It also breaks the back of the book at a joint about a third from the beginning and leaves the net impression that Mr. Walsh is a fine romantic writer in the making, not yet capable of running the full length of a novel without fatigue, but one who will turn in some world records when he learns to go the distance.

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Boys Who Made Good

AMERICA'S YOUNG MEN, the Official Who's Who among the Young Men of the Nation. Edited by Durward Howes. Los Angeles: American Publications. 1938. $10.

Reviewed by JOSEPH F. DINNEEN

PROBABLY Walter Winchell doesn't give a rap, but he isn't listed among America's eminently successful young men, even though he is one of the country's highest paid columnists, and according to all of the biographies published recently in magazines, he is still under forty—and was when the first two volumes of this Who's Who were published. The winners of the Nieman scholarships at Harvard University did not fare so well in this selection either. All of them are under forty, but the names of Edwin A. Lahey of the *Chicago Daily News*, Osburn Zubber of the *Birmingham News*, and Louis M. Lyons of the *Boston Globe* are not included.

It is easy to skim through any Who's Who and find errors of omission, and not quite fair. This Who's Who is a monumental work, as a matter of fact, and contains some interesting analyses of groups among the 6,532 men under forty listed. But the lives of 6,532 men make pretty dull reading. There is a monotonous sameness to them, a legion of Horatio Alger heroes who came to the top like bubbles. Looking through these crowded pages, a curious reader is led to the conclusion that successful men are generally dull fellows. There is a department of unusual hobbies and recreations among the select in this Who's Who, and, according to Editor Howes, these are some of the things that successful men under forty like to do: pursuing world fairs around the country, collecting rare wines and armor, blood grouping among the Indians, reading the "World Almanac," writing Braille, thinking (this is certainly an unusual hobby or recreation); and "baiting liberals and radicals." (This isn't. Letters to the editor columns are filled with red-baiting letters from successful men under forty.)

Among the usual hobbies and recreations, out of 6,532 successful men listed, only 257 reported reading as a favorite recreation, a tip to book publishers. There were 558 who favored photography. It is probably unfair to assume that successful men over forty like to look at the pictures, but do not like to read.

Standing side by side, the successful men in this volume would make a line more than two miles long, and in it, according to the political breakdown in a statistical summary, there would be one lonely communist. Apparently there is only one successful communist under forty in the country, and a couple of miles of successful Democrats and Republicans to bait him.

Presbyterians under forty are more successful than men in other religions. There are 823 of them in this list. They are followed by the Methodists and Episcopalians while Catholics and Baptists are running almost neck and neck; 440 Baptists and 411 Catholics. Almost all of them are college graduates. Only 214 men who did not go to college made the grade, and married men outnumber single men five to one.

For my part, I would rather read a Who's Who of the failures under forty. It would be much more interesting and instructive, although quite useless for the purpose for which "America's Young Men" is published. "America's Young Men" will find a place on the bookshelves of newspaper libraries of the country, where all Who's Whos, general and specialized, are stocked. Some of these young men are making news, or are likely to, and brief sketches are available here to supplement dispatches. It will find a place in mail order houses, and it will be another mine for automobile dealers, stock and bond houses (when the market picks up), and for those who prepare sucker lists to explore; and there will probably be a goodly number among those included who will buy a copy to place prominently upon a living room or library table, to develop another new and unusual hobby or recreation: trying to steer a casual conversation into a channel where one might drop the information, without appearing vain, that one's name is in the list. Letting a visitor discover it himself is all right, according to Emily Post, but for a successful young man under forty to point it out would be a bit on the show-off side.

Why, by the way, is forty picked as the magic age? Why not thirty-five—or forty-five? Is Pitkin responsible? This volume lists Yehudi Menuhin, a professional violinist at the age of seven, and Charles F. Taylor, who has been a professional teacher since he was nine. I knew a child prodigy who was graduated from Harvard at the age of thirteen before the war. When I last heard of him, he was running an adding machine in a lunch room. Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney are quite successful, but they are not included.

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Pamphleteer of the Revolution

THOMAS PAINE, LIBERATOR. By Frank Smith. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

PAINE'S recent biographers always begin by complaining of the injustice and neglect with which posterity has treated their hero, and Mr. Smith is no exception. Yet the "standard" life of Paine, Moncure Conway's two volumes of forty-odd years ago, is a bit of secularist hagiography, and not since the early scurrilous biographies, such as Cheetham's, has there been a full-length hostile portrait of the author of "Common Sense." It is true that Theodore Roosevelt's hastily tossed-off phrase about Paine, "the filthy little atheist," has had considerable currency, and that Paine is not yet enshrined in our schoolbooks quite on a level with Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, and the rest as a Father of his Country. But his biographers seem to be doing their best to make up for this.

Mr. Smith's book has some excellent qualities. It is a well-proportioned life, clear, interesting, its narrative flow not too much broken by long analyses of Paine's writings. Above all, it is based on admirable research, which has dug up more new material on Paine than a reader of Conway's life would have thought possible. There are no footnotes and no bibliography. We have only the finished job, with no chips and other litter of the workshop left about. Obviously this is a gain for the average reader, however much the scholar may regret the absence of the apparatus to which he is accustomed. All in all, Mr. Smith's is the best of the recent short lives of Paine.

Its chief faults are the faults of the partisan, which, if you happen to share a particular partisanship, are of course not faults at all. Paine was a propagandist in two revolutions, the American and the French, and Mr. Smith apparently feels that he too must be a propagandist. The British ruling classes in the eighteenth century are to him corrupt and cruel tyrants, but fortunately incompetent ones. Paine's opponents were always wrong, Paine always right, save perhaps in siding with the incompletely revolutionary Gironde instead of with the truly proletarian Mountain. And so on.

The test of the fairness of a biographer of Paine is his treatment of two of the most controversial episodes in a life of controversy, the quarrel with Silas Deane and the part played by Gouverneur Morris in Paine's imprisonment in Paris. Mr. Smith is here every bit as one-sided as was Conway. Deane was certainly no simple, idealistic crusader, but his conduct in the complicated negotiations over pre-alliance "loans" from France was not that of a mere grafter. Morris did indeed feel a conservative's dislike for the agitator Paine, but there is no reason to suppose that he conspired with Robespierre to have Paine guillotined. Paine was much too closely involved with men like Condorcet to have avoided prison after the Gironde fell. Morris, who was then our ambassador to France, did indeed make no effort to get him out of prison. But his letter of explanation to Jefferson is surely evidence of a sensible intention to save Paine. "I am inclined to think that, if he is quiet in prison, he may have the good luck to be forgotten. Whereas, should he be brought into much notice, the long suspended axe might fall on him." As for the notion that Robespierre wanted Paine's life, that is ridiculous. Anyone Robespierre wanted to get in the spring of 1794 he most certainly got. The obvious explanation of Paine's escaping the guillotine is that no one thought him important enough to guillotine. After all, the harmless old fellow couldn't even speak French. But his biographers seem unable to face the fact that their hero was ever unimportant. Besides, a melodramatic plot makes interesting reading. Mr. Smith, however, does at least spare us the apocryphal tale of how the Luxembourg jailer, marking with chalk the doors of prisoners condemned for execution, marked the wrong door, and permitted Paine to live to write "The Age of Reason" and to return to his beloved America.

It will take many more such biographies to make Paine a Father of his Country. He was the greatest pamphleteer of our revolution. He was, indeed, the ablest publicist—"advertiser" wouldn't carry too many wrong connotations, and it would carry a lot of right ones—of that eighteenth-century Enlightenment our modern world has still not quite forgotten. But somehow or other advertisers don't seem to make good heroes. Perhaps we have too many of them.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
HE WOULDN'T STAY DEAD *Frederick C. Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Quadruple murder of N. Y. private detective and disappearance of lovely girl nearly terminate careers of Cy Hatch and bodyguard.	Plentifully supplied with plot, amazingly outspoken in spots, amusing, rapid, and packed with surprises — especially at end.	Class A
THE BIGGER THEY COME *A. A. Fair* (Morrow: $2.)	Penniless Cal. lawyer takes job in fantastic detective agency and jumps right into maelstrom of murder and gang warfare.	A grand bunch of characters — male and female — racing tempo, extraordinarily clever plot, realistic romance, and rapidfire repartee.	Rich and rare!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY BY RUNNING *Whitman Chambers* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	American writer seeking forgetfulness on remote Mexican beaches meets ex-sweetie and party, trailing clouds of violence and murder.	Volsteadian percentage of mystery, much torrid emoting, characters — mostly rotters — well limned, and ending happy.	Tropical
THE LIMPING MAN *Margaret Erskine* (Crime Club: $2.)	Grisly gimp-legged figure haunts streets of old English village and kills thrice before Septimus Finch springs trap.	Keen eyes may spot killer very early in tale but convolutions of plot and spooky background hold interest to finish.	Good
THE SECRET OF THE DOWNS *Walter S. Masterman* (Dutton: $2.)	Unexplainable deaths of several people at English seaside resort lead Sir Arthur Sinclair to throw off disguise and snare killer.	Fatal Nessus-shirt, haunted barrows, buried Spanish treasure, some pretty poor comedy at start, followed by satisfactory thrills.	Agreeable

Private World

THE POTTER'S HOUSE. By Wallace Stegner. Muscatine, Iowa: The Prairie Press. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

MR. STEGNER, whose "Remembering Laughter" was one of Little, Brown and Co.'s prize novelettes of a few seasons ago, has continued his work with that form, using it this time for an ambitious and peculiarly difficult study. The world of the deaf-mute is in many ways as strange to us, and as distant, as another planet. Into this soundless and depthless atmosphere Mr. Stegner has traced his way, to communicate to us the tragic little tale of a deaf-mute potter and his family, in which one daughter was born with the power to speak and hear. The conditions governing this kind of writing are stringent, barring to writer as well as to character the presence of any awareness of sound; it must be like trying to write a story without using, let us say, any adjectives. Within that scope, and with the further limitation of a space of sixty-odd pages, Mr. Stegner has succeeded admirably, so that when a policeman stumbles into the potter's house and speaks to him, the effect is as startling to us as it would have been to the potter, had he heard. The story is published in a beautiful format, in an edition unfortunately limited. It ought to be reprinted for a wider audience.

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Revolt in Haiti

THE BLACK JACOBINS. Toussaint L'Ouverture and the San Domingo Revolution. By C. L. R. James. New York: The Dial Press. 1938. $3.75.

Reviewed by HAROLD COURLANDER

THE struggle for abolition of slavery and for independence in the island of Haiti has too often been treated as a simple nationalist movement. We see at last a clear analysis of the fight as a phase of the European competition for colonies, and particularly as a phase of the French class struggle which began with but did not terminate with the Revolution. For, on the heels of the French Revolution came the uprising of the slaves in the colonies. There was support among the Jacobins in France for the abolition of slavery, but once the step was taken—forced by the determination of the blacks—the French middle class moderated its opportunistic view, feeling that without slaves no colony could exist. The fight of Toussaint L'Ouverture and his allies (among whom complete trust in one another was a rarity) was only to preserve the new-won freedom of the blacks, to create in San Domingo (as Haiti was then called, a truly republican auxiliary of republican France. L'Ouverture was a cultured and sensitive person. Personally he was not equal to the task which later fell to the fiery Dessalines, that of severing the island from European control. Always he protested his loyalty to France, and always proved it. He opposed colonial governors as enemies of France who were sworn to repudiate the principles of the Republic. He fought against the mulattoes as against a class which wanted rights for itself at the expense of the blacks. He used England and Spain adroitly, while each of them thought of L'Ouverture as the pawn. But always this Negro leader fought for the living principles of the French Revolution. He regarded as treasonable any suggestions of independence. Toward the last he could no longer bear the political and social hypocrisies of the mother country, and retired to his estates; later he was treacherously kidnaped and shipped to France, where he died of bad treatment in prison.

From now on the struggle was clearly nationalistic. L'Ouverture, for all his resolute character, was too civilized for the task, and when he went out of the picture his work was done. Dessalines answered the whites in the only language they understood, the only language they had ever spoken to the blacks—force and brutality. He settled the issue. A relentless passionate mobile war by ex-slaves, together with yellow fever, destroyed the very best of Bonaparte's troops.

It is difficult to tell the story of the Haitian's fight for freedom without telling it in terms of Toussaint L'Ouverture. Yet it is of far greater implication than a single leader can give it. Toussaint was produced by the Revolution. So were Oge, Chavannes, Christophe, Petion, Dessalines, and a hundred others. They often had divergent interests, often fought among themselves while the French consolidated gains, but their courses were parallel. The conclusion was poverty—the result of a desolating warfare—and dignity. Time has not modified the conclusion.

"The Black Jacobins" is not a simple account of this epic revolt in the West Indies. Nor could it be simple. But for the first time the scene is viewed with complete perspective and the theme recorded with understanding. It is not only one of the most sharply defined stories of the period to be published in our time, it is told in terms which have contemporary significance. "To the African robbed of his land and segregated, what does it matter whether the robbers are fascists or democrats?" It may prove to be the text of tomorrow's events in Africa.

The Wordsworths

WILLIAM AND DOROTHY. By Helen Ashton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER COWIE

IMAGINE Dorothy Wordsworth as a romantic heroine passionately in love with Coleridge. Let the casual "touch of his fingers run through her like a consuming fire." From time to time refer to her as "the fiery girl," and let her occasionally bite her lips until the blood comes—a procedure apparently guaranteed to convert any girl into a heroine. Let her suffer a "jealous pang" every time a child is born to Mrs. Coleridge—a fairly frequent occurrence. Let Mrs. Coleridge utter spiteful discourtesies such as one might expect from an hysterical boarding-school miss. By these means, and a few others as unworthy and as naive, you will have made fiction of the lives of the Wordsworths and their circle, a group as little suited to such treatment as any in English literature. At least this is a natural inference from the reading of Helen Ashton's "William and Dorothy." The fictitious elements employed not only seem as out of place as a brass band in church, but they don't square with the biographical facts which are elsewhere the basis for the book. In a typical instance Miss Ashton shows Dorothy trying to conceal from William a harmless letter she is writing to Coleridge, a letter which in point of fact was the joint composition of William and Dorothy. If this be fiction, long live biography, footnotes and all. In short, Miss Ashton should have invented more or invented less, preferably less.

Remove the spurious elements from this book—by far the least in bulk—and what remains is a substantial, fairly readable narrative of the Wordsworths and their friends and dependents from 1797 to 1855. Little new light is thrown upon the principal persons. Nor is the author's interest scrupulously literary: it is doubtful if even the prerogative of fiction warrants referring to "the long slow roll of the Miltonic hexameter" in the second book of "Paradise Lost" and misquoting (p. 192) a famous line therein. Miss Ashton is at her best when she deploys her characters in the kitchen or the garden—two extremely important loci in the lives of the Wordsworths—or follows them on one of their many delightful "wanders." The record is fascinating enough; no need to conjure scenes.

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Japanese Society

JAPAN: THE HUNGRY GUEST. By G. C. Allen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1938. $3.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

THIS volume is a careful study of modern Japanese life and society, and can be recommended as the most valuable of the recent works on Japan. The author, professor of economics at the University of Liverpool, has been a student of Japanese conditions for sixteen years, and visited Japan for further investigation in 1936. He covers social, political, and economic developments, ranging from the last century to the current Sino-Japanese war, and in all these fields achieves an admirable detachment and balance. Despite a sympathy based on an understanding of Japan's difficulties, he condemns the latter's resort to military aggression in China and deplores the violence and fanaticism which have latterly marked its internal politics and checked its progress toward democratic institutions.

A brief introduction, defining the author's attitude and point of view, leads into chapters on Japan's national traits and character, the structure of Japanese society, and the system of government. The economic sections, historical and descriptive, form the heart of the book and are of first-rate value. These four chapters embody a history of Japan's modern economic development, a description and analysis of Japanese farms, small-scale workshops and factories, and a study of the workers' conditions. The latter picture, even when painted with reserve, is highly illuminating. Average wages range from ten cents a day, as for silk reeling operatives in certain towns, up to a high of $1.50 for a skilled machinist. Even in the modern large-scale factories, the eight-hour day is an exception; in small-scale industry, which includes the bulk of the Japanese workers, twelve to fourteen hours a day is not uncommon while sixteen hours is not unknown. A weekly rest-day is the exception rather than the rule. Only in factories with ten or more employees are working hours for women and juveniles limited—and then to eleven per day, with a break of one hour. On the background of this industrial system is the poverty-stricken agricultural population, verging on famine in some localities and continually supplying a stream of new recruits to the workshops and factories. Even in the more controversial chapters relating to the transformation of Japan's politics under military-fascist influences and to Japan's aggressive expansion since 1931, there is little to which exception can be taken, though at a few points, the author might have sharpened the significance of political events since 1936.

The chapter on "manifest destiny" is an equally careful survey of Japan's modern territorial expansion, which leaves little to be said in the way of criticism. There is an occasional hint that the Chinese boycotts were partly responsible for Japan's resort to military force; in reality, such boycotts have always been a response to Japan's prior use of force. The "treaty provision," which the author claims debarred China from building railway lines parallel to the South Manchuria Railway, exists only in the form of a doubtfully authentic "protocol." It may well be questioned whether Russia, at least after 1928, constituted a menace to Japan's security that in any way justified the Japanese military occupation of Manchuria. The exploitation of Soviet Far Eastern resources and the organization of a large Soviet Far Eastern army have occurred only since 1931—in response to Japan's moves. Japan's military insecurity *vis-à-vis* Russia, indeed, is far greater today than it was in 1931.

The appendix, in which the author examines the economic effects of the war on Japan, deserves careful reading. In general, he concludes that "while Japan's economic position is not so vulnerable as to lead to a collapse of her military effort, the war is likely to be very costly for her, and even victory would leave her economic strength seriously impaired."

Observations in the Near East

ARABIAN ANTICS. By Ladislas Farago. New York: Sheridan House. 1938. $2.50.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

IF Mr. Farago's recent observations in southern Arabia are as accurate as they were previously in Abyssinia and Palestine, before the crises occurred in those two countries, this book is bad news indeed, for it details from thoughtful, first-hand research the machinations which are menacing Great Britain through the Red Sea.

His original plan of visiting Yemen, armed with the official request of his own government, was sternly thwarted by the despot Imam Yahya, though he did manage to reach Hodeida, only to be held prisoner while the Governor was accepting delivery of fifty thousand rifles from the German house of Krupp. Back in Aden, he was dismayed by the Italian propaganda tolerated by the British. Fascist movies were openly shown to the natives to prove the superiority of Italian dominion. Fascist spies were everywhere. Mr. Farago was a chance witness to the Italian surveying of one of the Red Sea islets, not far from British Aden, and learned that of the eleven foreigners in Yemen seven were fascist agents. The only telegraph was operated by them, and it was they who circulated the tales of British atrocities to such effect that the country was rapidly becoming pro-Italian despite England's long tenancy next door.

Sailing up the Red Sea in a native dhow and traveling inland to Ethiopia, Mr. Farago was convinced that Italy still held little more than the towns in her filched province, for the country was still in revolt, and more Italians had been killed since the end of the war than during it. His revelations are frequently sensational, but they have the ring of a fierce truth to them. Excerpted from his narrative there still remains a first-rate travel yarn, full of color and excitement and wit.

A Bookman's Career

ADVENTURES OF A BOOKSELLER. By G. Orioli. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by TERENCE HOLLIDAY

"G. ORIOLI-FLORENCE" is a publisher's imprint that has long been familiar to modern book-collectors and readers, appearing on the "first-issue" title-pages of expensive and recondite works by Norman Douglas, D. H. Lawrence, Richard Aldington, and Somerset Maugham. On the more recondite and expensive of these, such as "Lady Chatterley's Lover," only a discreet "Privately Printed" appeared; nevertheless there was apparent here, also, the personal, characteristic touch in format that marked this series of odd and occasionally distinguished curiosa. Plain and sturdy in appearance, conceding nothing to the taste for finicking typography, hand-made paper, and elaborate binding, these volumes raised two inevitable questions: what manner of man produced them, and why should a comparatively obscure Florentine secure manuscripts for which publishers of London and New York would gladly compete?

"Adventures of a Bookseller" abundantly provides the answers to these questions. It reveals a delightful personality at once striking, unassuming, and altogether engaging, a self-made man of many parts, one whose savoir faire and invincible good humor have enabled him to achieve a high place in his profession in the face of early poverty and fantastic vicissitudes.

After a lively and hazardous boyhood and the necessary period of service in the Italian army, Mr. Orioli found himself almost fortuitously launched on a career of picaresque misadventure in London. An encounter with the now legendary Voynich and a chance meeting with the man who became his partner in the firm of Davis and Orioli led to his return to Florence and the establishment of a branch shop for the purchase and sale of incunabula. English visitors became clients, clients became friends, and it was not long before a casual acquaintance with Lawrence and Douglas deepened into a cordial, intimate relationship. From this point on, "Adventures of a Bookseller" becomes a rich quarry for the confirmed Laurentian and Douglasite, though the more rapturous adepts of these cults must be warned that the author is by no means a blind worshipper at their fanes. Mr. Orioli saw Lawrence and Douglas plain.

A minor merit of these memoirs, yet one equally worthy of emphasis, is the author's keen perception of the oddities and frailties of human nature, and his gift for recording variations of morals and manners. Throughout his wide experience with the famous and the infamous, he has retained an eager zest for noting what is really notable and illuminating in a character whether attractive or repellant; and his colloquial, direct, economical style is exactly suited to his material. "Adventures of a Bookseller" will be savored with special appreciation by fellow-members of the author's guild, and heartily recommended by them to the common reader.

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Explosives in Books

A Danish Point of View

BY FREDERIK SCHYBERG

DON TRACY is the fifth of the young, hard-boiled writers who crowded into the wake of Ernest Hemingway, and with whom he now has to compete. Horace McCoy, James M. Cain, John O'Hara, and John Steinbeck are the four others. They tell a story well, but they resemble each other, and their chief characters are all alike. Their writings are a noteworthy supplement to that "Truth about America," half of which the film companies have been telling us during recent years. The censor has cut out the rest, and this part is the truth with which the hard-boiled authors now desire to acquaint us.

But how one-sided books must appear in which are only to be found all those things which a censor automatically would omit in a film! Whoredom, drink, murder, bad language, rape, lynching, and accidents sadistically reported. The poetic formula, if such a thing can be established, in these books derives from Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms."

In two disillusioned, modern children of reality, who feel that nothing primitive, nothing of the human animal, is alien to them, the suspicion is aroused that perhaps the soul too might have its charm, that perhaps a nobler reality might exist than the reality which manifests itself in liquor and girls. But at that very moment the catastrophe arrives. Life's giant steamroller is on top of them and flattens them out. It was not to be. Modern reality does not permit it.

The best expression of the genre is "The Postman Always Rings Twice," by James M. Cain. The close connection—though by way of passionate protest,—that these authors have with Hollywood's present efforts may be seen in the fact that it is precisely there that the two latest hard-boiled novels are laid: Horace McCoy's and O'Hara's. They are not yet translated into Danish but probably will be. For the time being we have Don Tracy's "Round Trip," which fits into the formula nicely—but is an excellent piece of work, just the same.

The hero of "Round Trip" is a press photographer, but otherwise the usual primitive—a great brawler, pornographer, drunkard, and gambler. Then he meets Edith, a sweet young girl, who has just escaped from Charlie, the horrid sadist. After a murder and acquittal, the photographer marries Edith, and they have a child, a lovely boy, who is referred to as "the little fellow." A motor accident finishes Edith and the little fellow. And what is left then? The press photographer returns to his former life, a hopeless, despairing man, but a brawler, pornographer, drunkard, and gambler. The narrative is vivid, concise, and excellent. Much is said, we may safely admit, but even more is hinted at. The hard-boiled books are also a reaction against the detailed massiveness of the novels of the past generation. Here we get the truth about life, expressed in a clenched fist and a black eye.

Splendid, as good as a film, is the court scene where the photographer is acquitted. Most excellent the scene where he is waiting for his child in the hospital—big strong man collapsing like a wet napkin. Highly picturesque the entire scenery of an American newspaper office, and brief and effective the lightning glimpse of a lynching.

It is a book to read, but beware of the genre. It is dangerous. These liberated writers are mixing explosives the effect of which they perhaps hardly realize. They are describing a generation which has nothing to live for, but which, though maybe only in a negative sense, suffers from a lack of meaning in its life, an idea! Let an American Hitler arise, and all the male characters in the novels of these five will rush to his standard. These books are really about unemployed *condottiere*, foolhardy hirelings, who have no one to take hire with and therefore become the servants of their own instincts. One great demagogue, and these indignant democrats would be changed before our very eyes into howling Nazis. Consider: without exception you will find at the core of each of these books a blind intolerance lurking; a bitter narrowmindedness, a blood-and-soil complex that has taken root, and a wholly desperate breaking away from the reality of civilization.

It has been the fashion for some time to admire primitive man. In Europe we are now watching the consequences. These young hard - boiled American writers are manufacturing artillery which may some day hit their readers on both sides of the Atlantic all too realistically. They and we can then afterwards live on as best we may, unable to run away from the "truths" which we have ourselves accepted.

Dr. Frederik Schyberg is the leading literary and dramatic critic on the Danish newspaper Politiken.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 249)

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH: AMERICAN LETTER

America is neither a land nor a people;
A word's shape it is, a wind's sweep—
. . . . . .
Many of one mouth, of one breath,
. . . . . .
Only a taught speech and an aped tongue.
America is alone and the gulls calling.
It is a strange thing to be an American.

The AMEN CORNER

"The twelfth day of Christmas,
My true love gave me
Twelve lords a leaping,
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear-tree." Anon.

Variety is the key-note of that most unusual anthology, The Oxford Book of Light Verse, chosen by W. H. Auden,[1] which is one of the many enticements the Oxford University Press[2] has provided at this festive season. Mr. Auden explains in his Introduction the very original definition of light verse which results in a selection ranging from Chaucer to D. H. Lawrence, and including Swift and Vachel Lindsay, Byron and Siegfried Sassoon, as well as the authors one expects to meet—Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, W. S. Gilbert, Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, et al. The Anonymous gems vary from "Green Grow the Rushes O" to "Casey Jones" and "Frankie and Johnny." And Mr. Auden is not above a limerick.

W. H. Auden is the most important poet writing today, in the opinion of Louis Macneice. In *Modern Poetry*,[3] only just published by the Oxford Press, he analyses his own reactions to poetry from childhood, and then the work of particular poets—Housman, Yeats, Hopkins, Auden, Spender. It is one of the most stimulating, illuminating, and hopeful books the Oxonian has lately read. If you are at all interested in poetry or in the first stirrings of new intellectual developments, don't miss it.

And we also recommend *The Dynasts and the Post-War Age in Poetry*, by A. C. Chakravarty,[4] published on the same day. It is a first-rate piece of literary criticism, with the widest implications. It is really, as the sub-title says, "A Study in Modern Ideas," and gives the background for Mr. Macneice's *Modern Poetry*.

* * * * *

Variety is a good key-note; so we will take time to recommend the most delightful of travel books, *To Persia for Flowers* by Alice Fullerton,[5] and the newest Phaidon Art Book,[6] *El Greco*,[7] before we wish you a Happy New Year!

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The New Books

Art

EL GRECO'S PAINTINGS. Phaidon Edition. Oxford University Press. 1938. $3.

This volume, substantially bound in buckram and provided with compact and accurate introductory matter, is a real boon to the many admirers of El Greco's art who have slender bank accounts. Two hundred and thirty-two photogravure plates of generous scale reproduce admirably the more important pictures, and give scores of speaking details. Thirteen color plates are of poor and misleading effect. The present writer would willingly trade them for as many monochrome reproductions. The pictures are of course located as they were before the Civil War. It is merely a fond hope that they will ever return to their proper museums and churches.

F. J. M.

BAUHAUS 1919-1928. Edited by Herbert Bayer, Walter Gropius, and Ise Gropius. Museum of Modern Art. 1938. $3.75.

Alfred Barr, in his admirable introduction to the latest publication of the Museum of Modern Art, writes: "This book is primarily a collection of evidence . . . assembled here with a minimum of retrospective revision." In this case, however, retrospective revision was essential and the lack of it does not constitute a virtue. The book suffers from a plethora of heterogeneous illustrations; it becomes an annotated scrapbook. The typography and the layout of the annotations do not assist in the act of reading when searching for a simplification of material for analysis. One does not ask for an academicizing or wish to retard experiment, but it would have been well for the designer to have reviewed the publications of the Bauhaus Press, with which he was very familiar, or of the earlier "Stijl" group.

In the light of the importance of the Bauhaus of Weimar and Dessau to the world of modern design in the fine and applied arts, it is to be regretted that a clearer exposition of its aims, and the results of these first ten out of fourteen years of vital experiment is not presented.

C. F.

Belles Lettres

FOUR LECTURES. By Anthony Trollope. Edited with Collations, Notes, Etc., by Morris L. Parrish. 150 copies. London: Constable & Co. 1938.

"I do not believe that the leading men of the North any longer look for a reconstitution of the old Union. For myself I regard it as impossible that senators from Georgia and Massachusetts should ever again sit in the same assembly."

Thus Anthony Trollope a few months before Gettysburg in the lecture in this little volume to which the cisAtlantic eye inevitably turns first—"The Present Condition of the Northern States of the American Union." Then, skipping (at least for the moment) "The Civil Service as a Profession" and "Higher Education for Women," one perforce pauses at the essay "On English Prose Fiction as a Rational Amusement," where the author is on firmer ground than when functioning as a Victorian Walter Lippmann. (Let it be noted, however, that apart from its wrong guessing the American paper is engrossing.) The discussion of fiction is particularly significant for its laudation of Scott and for its failure to mention Dickens.

These four lectures have previously been preserved only in the form of pamphlets printed for Trollope's own use. Mr. Parrish's diligence has rescued them and given them permanent dress—moreover, by acquiring Trollope's own copies of the lectures, he has been able to list the author's corrections and alterations. At the risk of precipitating a coup d'état at the hands of A. Edward Newton and Carroll A. Wilson, Mr. Parrish may be satisfactorily identified as the king of American Trollopeans.

J. T. W.

THE SELECTED WORKS OF BEN JONSON. Edited by Harry Levin. Random House. 1938. $3.50.

Jonson's plays read well. To this purpose the present edition serves excellently. Unwilling to wait for the great scholarly edition of Herford and Simpson, the editors of Random House and Nonesuch have produced a handsome volume of Jonson, unencumbered by scholarly apparatus. Here are the tragedy of "Sejanus" and the comedies of "Volpone," "Epicene," "The Alchemist," "Every Man in His Humour," and "Bartholomew Fair"; three of Jonson's twenty-two masques are printed, and there is a fair selection from his lyric verse and his criticism. A special delight are the selections from "Timber," and the racy bits recorded by Ben's malicious Boswell, Drummond. The introduction by Harry Levin ranges from the apologetic to the illuminating, but never warms to affection or gusto.

R. S.

Fiction

MARRIAGE IS SO FINAL. By Winifred Halsted. Kinsey. 1939. $2.

This first novel is an attempt to recreate a vanished atmosphere of more than Pompeian splendor, complexity, and hollowness—the life of a great New York bank in 1932. The heroine, Miranda, for whom the author has a fondness so great as to suggest an autobiography, scoffs at the demi-gods of the bank, but is nevertheless impressed. The closing of the bank, the investigation of the officers, leave her open-eyed, wide-eyed no longer.

In her private life, too, Miranda achieves independence of judgment. Two men want to marry her: Vermont Adam, a Cal Coolidge without even his legend, and Philadelphia Barton, a Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., with Thoreau in his pocket to counsel radicalism. Society approves the hard-working and sententious Adam; society disapproves of the gay and cynical Barton. When the pillars of society crash, Miranda chooses Barton.

Miss Halsted writes intelligently and amusingly. Everyone has known her characters; everyone will recognize that many of her situations and comments are funny. But the characters never take over the book; Miss Halsted's smiling face is always to be seen, as she jerks their strings.

K. S.

JILL FELL DOWN. By Jerrard Tickell. Morrow. 1939. $2.

The romantic revival takes a new quirk in "Jill Fell Down" and we have the lovely heroine pursued not by the city slicker but by the power of the press to blast reputations. Jill asked a couple of men one night for a light for her cigarette, and woke up the next morning to find that she had ceased to be glorified as the Brenda Frazier of the London season and had become the center of an extensive and highly unpleasant raised eyebrows campaign.

Jerrard Tickell's use of plot is ingenious, and he has contrived real suspense and some authentic characters. The book is no masterpiece, but it does move along at a good pace and is definitely not dull. A lot of nice amusing people get in a jam and manage to seem real enough so that you are sorry, alive enough so that you do care for the space of time during which you are reading the book what happens to them. "Jill Fell Down" is a perfect substitute for a magazine during that inevitable afternoon when you really do have to stay in bed and see if you can get rid of your cold.

F. W.

International

BEFORE AMERICA DECIDES: FORESIGHT IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS. Edited by Frank P. Davidson and George S. Viereck, Jr. Harvard University Press. 1938. $3.

Since sweetness and light were reëstablished in Europe as a result of the Munich agreement, public debate on American foreign policy has grown hotter, fiercer, and more confused than ever. In the maelstrom of conflicting ideas, the editors of "Before America Decides"—a collection of essays on the United States and the world crisis—offer no pat solutions. But they do present data and arguments which will aid the reader himself to make a rational choice among designated alternatives. And as President Lowell points out in a trenchant foreword, foreign policy, like war policies, should be rationally plotted and planned, preferably by experts who will take into account all possible contingencies. Study and selection, rather than emotional bias or physical constraint, should constitute the determining factor in our decisions.

Hans Kohn places the problem as a whole in its proper setting by a discussion of contemporary nationalism, which he is tempted to regard as an obsolescent phenomenon in the interdependent world of today. Dean Phelps traces European political alignments since the war and notes the growing American tendency to depict a black-and-white division of the world into dictatorships and democracies. Viewing the Far Eastern scene, Arthur

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N. Holcombe hopes American mediation may be possible in China, but Payson Wild indulges in some plain speaking on the limitations of international law, now largely ineffective outside the realm of procedural rules of intercourse between nations.

Space is lacking to discuss all the other contributions in detail. George Fielding Eliot reviews United States military strategy and finds that our national safety depends on a large fleet and a small but efficient army. In a section on the crucial question of neutrality legislation, Clyde Eagleton—eloquently and rationally, but unrealistically—pleads for a policy of collective security, while Edwin M. Borchard utters a cry in the wilderness in favor of the classical legal concepts of neutrality. Finally, striking an admonitory note, Fritz Morstein Marx discusses the greatest obstacle to constructive action by the United States for peace—the lag of American public opinion on foreign affairs, which is still geared to slogans adopted in the days of sailing ships.

"Before America Decides" makes interesting and valuable reading. It incorporates, in brief compass, the thought of America's leading scholars on America's most crucial problems. As a handbook for guidance through these turbulent years, it will not easily be surpassed.

D. H. P.

TWILIGHT IN VIENNA. By Willi Frischauer. Houghton Mifflin. 1938. $3.

The inability of Austria to resist the Nazi *Drang nach Osten* resulted in large measure from the persistent economic stagnation and political disunity of the past twenty years. Just what these economic and political tensions signify in human terms is suggested by Willi Frischauer, an Austrian journalist of liberal convictions. Describing post-war Vienna from the point of view of the middle classes, Mr. Frischauer paints a gloomy picture of bankruptcy, crime, and terrorism. He blames the plight of Austria upon the intolerance and violence of the various political groups, arguing that both the Socialists and the Nazis exhibited an intransigence which poisoned the whole body politic. As a supporter of Dollfuss and Schuschnigg, Mr. Frischauer defends their resort to dictatorship as the only salvation from the turmoil which was inviting German interference.

The best portions of this well written book deal with the unspectacular affairs of the ordinary man, who suffers most from the spectacular diplomacy of Central Europe. Mr. Frischauer portrays vividly the effect of poverty and unemployment upon normal family life and upon the youth of Austria. In discussing the rise of the blackmailer, the gambler, the fraudulent financier and lawyer, the gigolo, and the parasites of both sexes, he demonstrates the meaning of such words as "inflation" and "depression" more effectively than a five-foot shelf of statistical reports, graphs, and official documents. His book provides much of the human background necessary for an American to understand the newspaper headlines of today.

J. F. G.

Miscellaneous

MAN AND HIS BODY. By Howard W. Haggard. Harpers. 1938. $4.

The Director of Applied Physiology of Yale presents an excellent survey of the fields of modern medicine—especially of physiology and hygiene—and includes with the more familiar material the latest information concerning problems in which medical science is acutely interested, such as cancer, heart disease, endocrinal disturbances, etc. While the subjects discussed are of vital significance to every intelligent person, the book is designed for those with at least some rudiments of a scientific education. It should be of much value as a college textbook, and in its application of physiological facts to clinical cases, pre- and first year medical students should find both interest and stimulation.

Dr. Haggard writes clearly and interestingly; his material has been carefully chosen and well organized, his illustrations are adequate. The arrangement of chapters, sub-heads, etc., and the attractiveness of the type further add to the book's usefulness.

M. S. U.

AUS PENNSYLFAWNIA. Edited by "Pumpernickle Bill" (Wm. S. Troxell). University of Pennsylvania Press. 1938. $1.50.

An all too short anthology of famous poems and other literary masterpieces translated into "Pennsylfawnish Deitsch" by various hands. The originals appear on the opposite pages.

W. C. W.

HOW TO RAISE A DOG IN THE CITY AND IN THE SUBURBS. By James R. Kinney and Ann Honeycutt. With illustrations by James Thurber. Simon and Schuster. 1938. $2.

Here is a first-rate, honest, and practical book on the subject of dogs, offering good sound advice to those who are considering acquiring the "first" dog in the household and to those who have already a dog or dogs, and who wish to learn more about how to give them better treatment, better health, and a longer life. Dr. Kinney, with Ann Honeycutt, has prepared a helpful guide to all the phases of dog culture from the early training, care, and feeding of a puppy, to a stout defense of a dog's life in the city, which is a pretty good life after all. Mr. Thurber, that eminent dog psychologist, has caught the humorous spirit of the book with very engaging portrayals of the trials and pleasures of the dog and dog owner in everyday life.

V. B. S.

THE ILLUSTRATED BOOK. By Frank Weitenkampf. Harvard University Press. 1938. $5.

Alice was far from the first to bewail the unillustratedness of a book; the first complaint antedated printing from movable type, and belonged to the era of the block book. It was not until 1486, with the publication at Mainz of Bernard von Breydenbach's travels to the Holy Land, that an illustrator was accorded a byline. He was Erhard Reuwich, "an ingenious and learned painter" who accompanied the expedition. Save that he populated Asia Minor with giraffes, crocodiles, salamanders, and unicorns, he did a competent and intelligent job.

Mr. Weitenkampf, as curator of prints at the New York Public Library, has all these wonderful things close at hand. But his new manual is not concerned solely, or even largely, with the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The nineteenth and twentieth are the theme of more than half the book. "Of course we are going through a transition period," concludes Mr. Weitenkampf. "We always are."

"This volume," he declares, "is called 'The Illustrated Book' because we are dealing with pictures in their relation both to the author's text and to the printed page." Most of his illustrations, therefore, are not mere reproductions of pictures, but of pictures and type, and the result is not always happy, particularly when extreme reduction is necessary. The book places an abundance of information at the reader's disposal, plus enough collateral comment and judicious weighing of opinion to guide him intelligently.

J. T. W.

SAGAS OF THE EVERGREENS. By Frank H. Lamb. Norton. 1938. $3.50.

Although it is sometimes sentimental in tone and sometimes written down for the populace, this book is by a thoroughly trained and experienced scientist. Any one interested in trees will get interesting and valuable information. It covers the evergreens of the Antipodes, Asia, and Europe as well as the familiar sequoia and white pine of our own forests. Mr. Lamb's method is descriptive and historical, with enough botanical and economic information thrown in to make the book more than just a description of trees. In fact the popular style tends to conceal

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the high informational value of the author's work. He belongs to the school which believes in caring for forests by culling their over-ripe members, but fortunately admires the noblest specimens and groups of each species so that his book may help in the much-needed preservation of tracts of virgin forests left in their original condition. It is a very readable book in spite of a too obvious attempt to make it so. The photographs are excellent.

H. S. C.

Philosophy

THE PLACE OF VALUE IN A WORLD OF FACTS. By Wolfgang Köhler. Liveright. 1938. $3.75.

In this book, presented originally as the William James lectures at Harvard during the first half of the academic year 1934-35, Wolfgang Köhler applies his astonishing erudition and vigorously creative mind to some of the problems which dwell in that crepuscular area between science and philosophy. In language too technical for the lay reader he fuses his physiological and philosophical interests, adds relevant observations from such fields as neurology, quantum physics, biology, axiology (value-theory), and phenomenology, and produces a result of high import for the philosophy of science. Although the title is not quite apposite, the primary problem concerns the precarious place of values in a world otherwise amenable to scientific interpretation.

The general reader, unaware of the riddles that have rocked the philosophy of science and unacquainted with the history of physiological psychology, will derive little pleasure from the book except from the opening pages. There Köhler presents what he calls the case against science, using a putative lay friend as attorney for the prosecution. Too many people believe today that their faith in science is misplaced, that science has insufficient power to answer their most important questions, and that, because of the rigor of its method, science excludes from its purview the problems which matter most to them. The indictment is strongly drawn, and Köhler devotes the remainder of the book to an attempt to justify the ways of science to man.

His most conspicuous contribution involves the concept of "requiredness." Certain things in nature belong together, or require the presence of one another, in such a way that fitness or requiredness constitutes a principle of association between them. This same principle of association, the author suggests, may help to explain the idea of value and so lay a foundation for the scientific solution of moral and ethical problems. The book as a whole is required reading for those intellectually fit to pursue the problems of value in terms of the philosophy of science.

R. B.

Travel

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF THE DUTCH NAVIGATORS. By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Appleton-Century. 1938. $2.50.

This revision of the 1916 edition of Mr. Van Loon's "Golden Book" should appeal to youngsters whose horizon encompasses the Seven Seas and not merely the "progressive" gambit that the pediatricians approve. There are great futile voyages contained in it, fine failures of commerce for each voyage that extended Holland's enterprise. Scurvy and treachery and cruel reprisals between the Portuguese, Spaniards, and Dutch fill its pages as Mr. Van Loon recounts the exploits of his ancestral explorers. The route to the Indies was pursued in the sixteenth century by Van Linschoten and others around the southern tip of Africa, and by Barendsz and Heemserk through the Arctic strait of Nova Zembla, where part of his crew had to winter, the first polar expedition of which we have a precise record. In 1597 Van Noort began the circumnavigation of the world that was to end with only forty-four men remaining of the two hundred and forty-eight he took along. Captain Bontekoe had nothing but hard luck on his trip to the spice islands; he was blown up with his ship and drifted to Sumatra where only because of his funny singing he was spared by the natives. Cape Horn was rounded by Captain Schooten in defiance of the Dutch East India Company which was ignorant of that passage; Tasman discovered Tasmania after many hardships and explored the coast of unknown Australia; and Roggeveen dawdled about the Pacific islands, adding little but courage to his country's assets. But the sum of these efforts was the great colonial empire the Dutch founded in the east. Mr. Van Loon tells the story without his usual verve; his own illustrations are scratchier than ever and the reproductions of old prints are sometimes meaningless because they are untitled, but the book deserves republication because of the fresh winds in it, in this year when the elves of juvenile fiction must spin their magic with dynamos.

H. D.

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Double-Crostic: No. 250

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1-V	2-R	3-E	4-N		5-H	6-N	7-U	8-P	9-B		10-V	11-H	12-T	13-L	14-E	15-Y
16-D		17-F	18-T	19-N	20-M	21-I		22-Q	23-S	24-F	25-G	26-H	27-Z		28-T	29-Y
30-D	31-O	32-Z		33-R	34-L	35-C	36-E	37-H	38-X	39-V		40-X	41-N	42-S	43-P	44-M
	45-G	46-U	47-P	48-Z		49-X	50-L	51-M	52-K	53-O	54-W		55-K	56-F		57-H
58-K	59-D	60-L	61-X	62-B		63-A	64-C	65-W	66-B	67-E	68-M	69-D	70-S		71-Z	72-J
73-F		74-O	75-U	76-Q	77-X	78-G		79-V	80-G	81-U	82-L	83-R	84-Q		85-S	86-G
87-A	88-F		89-L	90-H	91-J	92-T	93-M	94-R	95-W		96-S	97-P	98-Y		99-X	100-K
101-D	102-U	103-F		104-J	105-U	106-S	107-K		108-L	109-X	110-G	111-Z	112-P	113-W	114-V	115-C
	116-J	117-R	118-U	119-B		120-M	121-A	122-C		123-L	124-K	125-B		126-J	127-G	128-S
	129-L	130-R	131-D	132-E	133-A		134-S	135-U		136-L	137-N	138-H	139-I	140-M	141-Y	142-V
143-K	144-D		145-H	146-Y	147-E	148-O	149-P		150-V	151-A	152-G	153-X	154-F		155-H	156-O
157-I	158-T	159-Y	160-B	161-N		162-B	163-S	164-A		165-F	166-K	167-J	168-Q		169-W	170-Z
171-Q	172-D		173-X	174-Y	175-Z	176-B		177-M	178-E	179-F						

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Title of incarnate virtue or wisdom.

B. Family to which earthworms belong.

C. Barks snappily.

D. State of wonder.

E. Stop talking (slang, 2 wds.).

F. Historic U. S. Supreme Court case (2 wds.).

G. Changed by Eos into a grasshopper.

H. Ventured upon.

I. Contrasted with yang (Chinese).

J. Plum-like fruit used for preserving.

K. Bobolinks.

L. Lack of care; negligence.

M. Taunting.

N. Clever imitation (slang, comp.).

O. Hebrew dry measure (Bib.).

P. American critic and author (1882-).

Q. Bottomless chaos.

R. Valley of sacrifice to Moloch.

S. Searched into.

T. Hades (Roman).

U. Wind instruments (Psalms).

V. Supplement to a book.

W. Kind of woven thread.

X. Subverts, destroys.

Y. Heroine of Opera by Saint-Saëns.

Z. Heroine of one of the "Idylls of the King."

WORDS

151 63 133 164 121 87

162 176 119 9 160 66 125 62

122 35 64 115

131 59 69 101 16 30 144 172

36 14 132 147 178 3 67

73 103 154 179 24 17 165 88 56

45 25 78 86 152 127 80 110

138 5 155 90 145 57 37 11 26

157 139 21

167 72 91 116 126 104

58 100 107 124 52 55 166 143

89 60 50 82 136 123 13 34 108 129

44 20 51 68 120 93 140 177

6 41 137 19 161 4

53 74 148 31 156

97 112 149 43 47 8

76 22 168 171 84

130 2 117 33 83 94

134 163 128 96 42 106 85 23 70

12 18 28 92 158

135 102 105 7 75 118 81 46

10 1 79 142 114 39 150

169 113 54 65 95

99 153 38 61 173 109 40 77 49

98 159 29 146 141 15 174

170 48 111 175 32 71 27

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

TWO American publishing firms, Reynal and Hitchcock and Stackpole Sons, have announced the forthcoming publication of Hitler's "Mein Kampf" in unexpurgated form. The Reynal and Hitchcock edition, which has been translated by a group of scholars working under the sponsorship of Dr. Alvin Johnson of the New School for Social Research, will be published by arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, owners of the American copyright of the book. Their edition will be annotated to clarify obscure references and to give necessary historical background. Stackpole Sons, who announce that their edition is "unauthorized," are using another translation and proceeding on advice that "Mein Kampf" is in the public domain owing to a technicality in copyright registration. The Stackpole publication date is February 28, price $3.00. The Reynal and Hitchcock edition will be $3.00 and will be published in late February or early March. Reynal and Hitchcock further announce: "With respect to claims that technical flaws exist in the copyright of the German edition, Houghton Mifflin Company repeats that they are assured by counsel that such flaws as it is assumed will be alleged, have no validity and could not be sustained in court." It is intended to devote a substantial proportion of the proceeds of the Reynal and Hitchcock edition to a refugee fund; Stackpole indicated that royalties on their edition would not go to Hitler, might go to some charity.

☞Old Q. began the New Year in somewhat grim spirit, making his usual and only resolve: not to work too hard. ☞His teeth are overdue to the dentist, his eyes to the oculist, and most of his entrails to the gastro-enterologist; so he hasn't much left to work with anyhow. ☞This, we annually remark, is the Sherlock Holmes season (January 6 was adopted by the Baker Street Irregulars as Holmes's birthday) and a very pleasant surprise was *Appointment in Baker Street* by Edgar W. Smith, issued (250 copies) by Pamphlet House. Mr. Smith has enjoyed himself to compile a Directory or Who's Who of all the characters mentioned in the Sherlock Holmes stories. It is amusingly done, and Vincent Starrett contributes an appropriate introduction.

☞A good way to amuse an evening is a home-made impromptu dramatization of *The Noble Bachelor* (in the *Adventures*) which all takes place at 221B and requires only a small cast. ☞We have frequently suggested that as much history, sociology and general human wisdom is available in the Holmes stories as in Keyserling, Spengler, Pareto and Will Durant rolled into Omnibus. ☞For instance, in the story of *The Illustrious Client* you will find the first Nazi in literature, Baron Adelbert von Gruner.

☞From the London *Bookseller* we learn some details of the great success of this year's London Book Fair, which was held at Earl's Court, sponsored by the *Sunday Times*. Bernard Shaw turned up, and bought a copy of Hobbes's *Leviathan* in the Everyman series. ☞Mr. Alan Stewart, of the staff of the great London bookshop Bumpus's, says "booksellers must cultivate the impression that their shops are permanent book shows open to everybody without hindrance, and free from the embarrassments of pushing salesmanship." ☞At the staff dinner held at the close of the Book Fair, Mr. Morley Kennerley described it as "the largest and most successful book exhibition ever held in any English-speaking country." ☞The citation of the Nobel Prize award to Pearl Buck reads, "For rich and genuine epic portrayals of Chinese peasant life, and for masterpieces of biography," which we take to indicate that the award was not based on *The Good Earth* alone. Dr. Per Hallström's lecture on the occasion of the award discussed *The Good Earth* at length, also emphasized the other volumes of the trilogy, as well as *The Exile* and *Fighting Angel.*

☞Basil Blackwell has issued the first volume of the Shakespeare Head edition of Swift, to be complete in 14 volumes, under the editorship of Professor Herbert Davis of Cornell. The volumes can be bought separately or in sets. ☞Another interesting title on Mr. Blackwell's winter list is *The Last of Mrs. Proudie,* a dramatization of Trollope's *Last Chronicle of Barset.* The authorship is mentioned only as "by J. G. L. and H. S. S." ☞Jesse Merritt, the historian of Nassau County, N. Y., tells us that Hugh Gaine the printer—who got up the first American Book Fair, in the 18th century—used in his books paper made near our cabin at The Fantods, L. I. ☞The O. Henry Bibliography compiled by Paul S. Clarkson, a Baltimore attorney, is now available ($5) from the Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. The edition is of 600 copies. ☞Dawson's Book Shop (Los Angeles) is now offering the remarkable library of the late Willard Morse, a mining engineer whose hobby was book collecting. The collection, all marked with a bookplate by Howard Pyle, is particularly notable for rare items, letters and MSS. by Bret Harte, Jack London, Joaquin Miller, Ambrose Bierce, Lafcadio Hearn and others. ☞ We have had a number of interesting letters about the verses quoted by the late Doctor McCrae (Trade Winds, Nov. 26). The lines "Our life is but a winter day," etc., have been seen by various readers as tombstone epitaphs. A. A. (Cincinnati) noted them in Stirling, Scotland, dated 1809; also in Llangollen (Wales). ☞E. D. (Phila.) says they are also on a grave in the churchyard at Stratford-on-Avon. ☞A. D. H. (Cambridge, Mass.) ascribes them to a 17th century Bishop of Peterboro. ☞The most symbolic episode of the old year's end was the two orphan boys who got into the modern and scientifically guarded San Francisco Mint—just by opening a window. ☞Perhaps truth and charity, those ragged orphans of our day, may yet break into the complex fortress of civilization.

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